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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

PARLIAMENT has been pervaded by the rinderpest during the past week. The Cattle Plague has supplied the staple of debate in both Houses, and besides the regular discussions, it has given rise to more irregular conversations than we care to specify in the House of Lords. In default of any particular business at this early period of the Session, their lordships' meetings take in a considerable degree the form of a rather free-and-easy kind of debating society. Every one asks, with or without notice, whatever questions occur to him, and makes such observations on current topics as the perusal of the morning newspapers may suggest to him. Such a mode of filling up time till the dinner-hour arrives may or may not be consistent with the dignity, or conducive to the usefulness, of the highest branch of the legislature, but in the absence of any better employment, the peers may as well hold miscellaneous conversations in their handsome chamber in the Palace of Westminster, as in the less commodious lounging-rooms of their clubs. The fact of their existence is thus kept before the public, and that is something in an age which believes in little that it does not see or hear. We do not dispute the value of such a result, but it would be tedious to dwell upon the means by which it is attained. We will therefore refrain from discussing the mere casual conversations of their lordships on this all-absorbing topic and confine ourselves to recording the fact that fifteen only passed the Government measure for securing the slaughtering of diseased animals and the compensation of their owners. Although this Bill was passed without amendment, it underwent a long discussion which incidentally betrayed the laxity of discipline that prevails in the Cabinet. One of its most important clauses was vigorously opposed by the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Stanley of Alderley; and, although the opinions of these noble lords may not be of any great importance on this subject, their votes tend materially to confirm the prevailing impression that the administration of Earl Russell is little more than a mere "fortuitous collocation of atoms," unequal to vigorous action and incapable of resisting a serious attack. At the present moment it is of the highest importance that there should be no appearance of weakness or disunion in the Ministerial councils, and incidents like the one we have mentioned seriously shake public confidence in the guiding power of the chief, or the loyal fidelity of his subordinate colleagues. The House of Commons has for some days been laboriously struggling with the details of Mr. Hunt's Bill, which may be regarded as a supplement to the Ministerial measure. But it is very doubtful whether these exertions have been rewarded with any commensurate result. The Bill is complicated without completeness, and minute

without exactness. It neither lays down rules of sufficient stringency for the guidance of local authorities, nor invests them with sufficient power to make a law for themselves. The best that can be said for it is that its operation will be but temporary, and that the public inconvenience, which it will unquestionably cause, will be bearable by reason of its short continuance. As we have referred in another article to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, we need do no more here than call attention to the irresistible arguments and cogent facts by which Sir George Grey demonstrated the necessity of such a measure; and to the eloquent, although somewhat ill-timed, oration in which Mr. Bright insisted that remedial should go hand in hand with coercive measures towards Ireland. All loyal subjects of her Majesty will readily assent to the provisions which the House of Commons has expressed its willingness to make for the Princess Helena and Prince Alfred. Nor will men of any party who are capable of a gratitude for long services faithfully rendered object to a vote for erecting a monument to Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey. We may censure many of his acts, we may condemn much of his policy; but nearly every one admits that he served England strenuously, and did what in him lay, for half a century, to increase her power and develop her prosperity. Such a man certainly ought not to be laid in his grave without an emphatic expression of national gratitude, and a permanent record of the attachment and respect with which he inspired his contemporaries. History, to which he now belongs, must award him his permanent place in the gallery of British worthies.

In reply to the Address of the Senate, the Emperor Napoleon has once more vouchsafed the assurance that his Government is not stationary; that "it is advancing, and wishes to advance, but upon firm ground, capable of supporting power and liberty." We must, therefore, believe that the idea of crowning the edifice with liberty is not renounced; but, at the same time, we cannot help saying that it seems to be indefinitely and dangerously postponed. Every occasion which offers of showing hostility to the Imperial Government, or, at any rate, to the arbitrary manner in which it is administered, is eagerly seized by the population of Paris, and of the other great cities of France. Despite the personal popularity which his Majesty enjoys, he is compelled to adopt measures of increasing stringency, to silence adverse criticism of his policy, and to repress the growing vigour and independence of public opinion. In a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. de Forcade has pointed out with his usual clearness and force the inevitable effect of such a power. After describing how the ancient monarchy was assailed on all sides as soon as liberty



of the press, long refused, was at last conceded, and pointing out how this conducted directly to the first French revolution, he proceeds:—"The old *régime* had refused to writers and to the public the education of liberty, and writers and the public were equally led astray by inexperience. It must always happen so to Governments that do not know how to accord, at the proper time, to prudence, the concessions which they allow to be wrested from them by the force of circumstances; to Governments who wait till the Sibyl has burnt her last volume." Many a newspaper has received an *avertissement* for remarks far less offensive than these pointed observations, but, for some reason or other, the Imperial Government seems reluctant to strike at the *Revue*. The Address of the Corps Législatif has not yet come under discussion, but the draft adopted by the Committee has been published. It is, in the main, an echo of the Imperial Speech, but it is interesting to observe the language in which the Assembly responds on one point. While expressing the satisfaction with which the country has heard that the expedition to Mexico is coming to an end, they add a statement which is transparently false, that "the people of the United States have not taken umbrage at the presence of our troops on Mexican soil;" and they conclude by saying, that "to wish to make their recall depend on the convenience of others, would be an attack on our rights and our honour." It is tolerably clear that Napoleon is as yet far from having made up his mind to withdraw from Mexico.

The long controversy between M. von Bismarck and the Parliament of Prussia seems at last approaching an issue. In reply to the resolutions condemning the annexation of Lauenburg and the prosecution of Messrs. Twesten and Frenzel, the Premier addressed a letter to Herr Grabow, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, declaring the resolutions in question to be unconstitutional, and therefore declining to accept them. The more advanced Liberals propose to answer this letter by a declaration that, unless it be withdrawn, the Chamber will not discuss any more Bills presented by the Government. Such a declaration is absolutely called for under the circumstances; but it may, perhaps, be thought too vigorous a step by the Moderate party, who are willing enough to make speeches, but who always shrink from actual collision with the Government. If, however, this or a similar step be not adopted, the Chamber must be taken to have submitted to an amount of degradation which will render supremely unimportant what it may do or say for the future. In the mean time, M. von Bismarck pushes on vigorously his projects for the annexation of the Duchies. It is understood that he is about to send a note to the Austrian Cabinet, declaring that the personal union of Slesvig-Holstein to Prussia is the only solution of this long-pending question, and proposing that Austria shall surrender her rights over the conquered territory in consideration of a pecuniary indemnity. On the other hand, it is well known that Austria is disinclined to an arrangement which would lower her character and seriously impair her influence in Germany; and under these circumstances it is not surprising that the relations between the Powers should be in a very delicate condition, and that rumours of an approaching rupture should be freely circulated. In all probability M. von Bismarck will push his point vigorously; for he knows that his opportunity will have passed away on the day that Austria and Hungary are reconciled and re-united. That event may or may not occur; but it is the obvious policy of the Berlin Cabinet to strike while its rival is embarrassed by the pending negotiations at Pesth. Nothing has as yet occurred from which we can forecast their result. But upon the whole the debate upon the Address was marked by a spirit of friendliness towards Austria and of loyalty to the Emperor. The most influential speakers, however, adhered firmly to the "continuity of rights;" nor do we observe that either Deak or any of his followers have yet displayed any willingness to entertain the notion of a common Parliament for the whole empire.

It appears that we have not, after all, yet done with Bhotan or the Bhotees. In November last, Colonel Bruce concluded a treaty with the Deb Rajah, or temporal sovereign of the country, in virtue of which he engaged to cede certain territory to us, and to deliver up two of our guns which he had captured; while we, on the other hand, promised to make a certain annual payment as rent or tribute for the land given up to us. This arrangement was

not an eminently glorious one for a country like England; but it was perhaps the best that could be made under the circumstances. Indeed, one would accept almost any terms that would put an end to so disagreeable and profitless a struggle as a war with a distant race of savage mountaineers like the people of Bhotan. Unfortunately, this object has not been attained. The Deb Rajah has not got our guns, nor has he any real power over the chief who holds them. The latter, who rejoices in the name of Tongro Penlow, now refuses to give us the cannon or recognise in any way our dealings with the Deb Rajah. The dilemma is one of no small difficulty. If we leave the guns in the hands of Tongro Penlow, some loss of *prestige* and character will undoubtedly result. On the other hand, in order to recover them we must commence the Bhotan war afresh, and undertake to penetrate to a point far beyond any that our forces have yet reached in the very heart of a country of tremendous mountains and difficult passes. Upon the whole, it seems to be our best course to let the guns go, and say nothing more about them.

It would neither be interesting nor profitable to follow in any detail the stages of the conflict between the Radical majority in Congress and the President of the United States. It must suffice to say that there are at present no signs of any accommodation. The Radicals are as firmly set as ever on the enfranchisement of the negro; Mr. Johnson is just as determined not to place the Southern Whites at the mercy of their late slaves. He has just expressed his views on this subject to a deputation of negroes, with great clearness and good sense. In his opinion the only result of forcing negro-suffrage upon the South would be a war of races, in which the Blacks would not win in the long run; while it would, moreover, be unjust to the people of the South, because inconsistent with those "State-rights" which are part and parcel of the constitution of the Union. As neither Mr. Johnson nor his opponents will give way, and as neither can do anything without the co-operation of the other, the consequence is that the reconstruction of the Union is at a stand-still, and seems likely to make no progress until the composition of Congress undergoes considerable modification. The Government seem to be adopting vigorous measures for the preservation of their neutrality on the Rio Grande; but although the statement is confidently made by a journal which enjoys the confidence of Mr. Seward, we can scarcely believe that the French ambassador at Washington has promised the immediate withdrawal of that force which is the main, and indeed the indispensable, support of Maximilian's throne. Stories of this kind serve the useful purpose of amusing the American public, but they are not equally adapted for European consumption. We regret to hear that the negotiations for a new Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Canada have totally failed. It is one of the most unpleasant features both of American and Australian democracy, that the worn-out fallacies of Protection find enthusiastic votaries amongst those who are supposed to be raised above the narrow prejudicial influence of older societies.

#### THE SUSPENSION OF THE CONSTITUTION IN IRELAND.

THE complaint of a very small minority that the Government have nothing but Coercion Acts for Ireland, uttered in the House of Commons during the debate on the suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, was utterly unreasonable. Far from desiring to substitute a policy of repression for one of conciliation, the Cabinet rather lagged behind public opinion in delaying so long the adoption of extraordinary measures. Ireland most certainly the loyal and well-affected public, forming the vast majority of men of all creeds and classes, were calling for a more active treatment of the Fenian disease. When a murder like that of Clarke was committed in the streets of the Irish capital, and no more clue could be obtained by the police to the murderers than they have been able to obtain with respect to the whereabouts of the Head Centre—when the American "captains" had arranged to hold a secret meeting in Dublin to consider their plans and decide on a line of action—when the Government, under the ordinary process of law, were unable to detain these conspirators after having arrested them, and had in several instances to submit to their discharge for lack of available evidence—and above all, when



the military were being tampered with in garrison towns by persons who spent money in supplying them with drink in the freest manner, it was high time to make it a serious matter with the propagators of treason. Nor did any reflecting Irishman think that either his own just liberty was restrained, or any reproach cast upon his country, by the course taken; for it must not be forgotten that, unlike the insurrection of '98, and of '48 (as was explained at an early stage of the movement in these pages), this Fenian sedition is not indigenous. As a matter of fact, the mass of the people are rather afraid of it than in sympathy with it. The brotherhood of sworn-in men, in country districts, consists of farmers' sons, and in town districts of artisans and inferior clerks, and these classes have none of the fire, none of the romance, of the "Young Irelanders." They have been enlisted by strangers. They know the entire plot only as an American one. It is from that country the ships and the men were to have come for their deliverance, and the actual presence of the filibustering band of Irish-American officers gave an apparent reality to those visions. All the proclamations and documents of every kind issued by the Fenians for the last three months have had an American smack about them. Language was employed which those experienced in the phraseology of Irish sedition were unfamiliar with: it was the Celtic grievance as described by a Tipperary emigrant re-baptized in the Hudson. The effort to revolutionize Ireland on this occasion is entirely one from without, and quite analogous to the attempts of Walker and his companions to buccanear in Central America. To expel the intruders was to crush Fenianism; and the Irish people rose up and required that they should be expelled. This is the simple account of what has happened, and those very Irish representatives who delivered speeches which are mere reproductions of the orations of 1848, under circumstances totally different, are little thanked in Ireland by men of any party. It was the anxious wish of all Irishmen of moderation and sound judgment that Fenianism should appear to England and to the world to be what it positively is, an exotic American republicanism for which the soil of Ireland is unsuited, but those patriotic representatives would not have their country cleared of the stain of causeless treason.

If they took the course they adopted from a belief that concessions might be wrung from the Government by working on the fears of Parliament, and describing Ireland as thoroughly disaffected, the calculation was one which only persons inexperienced in public affairs—new members of a new House—could allow to rest in their minds. There never was a time when the English public had less reason to be influenced by fear in dealing with Ireland than the present, and there certainly was no disposition towards such an unworthy fear shown during the late debate. The old Irish theory that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity has been tested to the full, and is found to have nothing in it. The help from America for the Fenians is not more shadowy than the difficulty from America for England. No; the English Parliament and people are well disposed to listen to Irish complaints, to weigh well every Irish remonstrance, in order to redress all that is really wrong at any cost of trouble, time, and money. But the Irish members must appeal to the justice of the English people, and must convince their judgment. What is equitable and politic we will do; what is merely sought as "concession" to "buy off" disaffection, we will not do. This, we think, is a fair description, not only of the temper of the English public but of the temper which all Englishmen of the more truly patriotic class wish to see manifested by Englishmen. The principles on which the Irish members may look for legislation in the interests of Ireland must be the principles known and accepted in England, and applicable to the kingdom at large. This was stated with all his admirable clearness and force of expression, by Mr. Gladstone in his speech on the Address, and the distinguished speaker at the same time showed, what is unquestionably the case, that within the limits which these principles of legislation prescribe there is ample room for all the measures of a "regenerating" character which ought to be passed for Ireland.

It is not to be asserted, then, that the suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus is in any sense a coercive act for Ireland. It is a high measure of police. It is a step analogous to that adopted when the rinderpest enters a new district. There must be extreme measures taken, trenching on the liberty of individuals to some degree, perhaps, for the purpose of extirpating the foreign infectious matter. When that purpose has been fully served, the consideration of what healing and conciliatory course may be devised will naturally arise. But for Fenianism, there is nothing but the process of stamping-out; and the Irish public are really to be con-

gratulated on the apparently complete success of the policy in the hands of Lord Wodehouse. If the Irish members would only reflect a moment, they would rejoice in that policy also; since, by dissipating sooner the angry feelings which the Fenian tumult, overflowing upon England and Scotland, has created on this side of the water, it will gain for them a readier audience, during the present session even, for any propositions they may make of a character to serve their country. The responsibility of bringing national measures forward rests primarily upon them; and it would be better surely to discharge this duty of *initiating* beneficial schemes of legislation than to confine their public action to the mere utterance of what Mr. Roebuck has called the "eternal whine." When they take this reasonable course, they will find in the present Government ready co-operation, and in the present Parliament a generous tribunal.

#### REFORM PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

MR. CLAY has beaten the Government by at least a head. He has actually brought in a Reform Bill, while they are still only sending out fresh schedules of inquiries. The member for Hull's measure is, indeed, in the fashionable phrase, but a "single-barrelled" bill. It only concerns the suffrage, and the suffrage only in boroughs. Yet there is reason to think it a more complete measure than any we are likely to see this session. It places in a tangible form before the House and the country the question of the admission of the demonstrably best part of the working classes to the franchise. It raises no inquiry as to the houses they dwell in or the beer they consume per head. It does not profess to tell them that if they will stint in food and clothing—if they will keep back a little from their wives' bonnets and their children's schooling—if they will forbear to lay up anything for sickness or old age, they may have the luxury of dwelling in a £10 or an £8 house, and in virtue of this form of improvidence or self-indulgence shall be admitted to all the privileges of the British Constitution. Neither does it raise any of those arithmetical puzzles between rental and rating, which it would seem are being prepared for the confusion of all objectors to the Government measure. Nor, finally, does it profess to mete out the suffrage to any strictly limited number of persons, such as parish statistics may prove to be resident in houses rented at a certain rate, as if we had only a small number of prizes to distribute among a school of good boys, and could only bestow them upon an unalterably fixed number of individuals. But it applies the principle which we have accepted as the proper test of fitness for public employment as a test of fitness for public privilege. It places in the power of every man, however humble or poor, however burdened with "encumbrances," or however eager to save, the means of qualifying himself for the suffrage, by qualifying himself to be a better citizen. It establishes, as the line of demarcation between those who have and those who have not the suffrage, the plain, broad, and unalterable distinction which exists between those who can inform themselves and those who cannot. It has the merit of being final, for no one could hereafter complain of exclusion resting upon so palpable a want of claim to admission. It has, also, the merit of being satisfactory for the present, since it would at once admit all who are worthy and desirous to be admitted.

That so good a measure should be in danger of being hustled out of life by a concurrence of mere party politicians is of course to be expected. It suits neither the demagogue nor the aristocrat. It fails to please even those who, though true Liberals at heart, are so accustomed to the measures their party has been in the habit of shouting for, that they fear to recognise a new principle. Few can doubt that Mr. Gladstone, were he to follow his own impulses, would gladly embrace a principle which rests on reason, and adapts itself with perfect plasticity to every diversity of circumstance. But though Mr. Gladstone positively refused to commit himself on the subject, we all know that even he must bow to fate, and that his fate at present is the "old Whig party." But a party which, politically, has ever been a thing of shreds and patches, a being compact of compromise, an assertor of broad doctrines, but always under correction of the limitations necessary for the preservation of place, is the last in the world to be able to get its ideas out of the rut of rating and rental. So, doubtless, for the present, we shall see Mr. Clay's bold and honest Bill assailed with a thousand complaints of "distracting the party," "submitting a false issue," being "unpractical," and being "inconvenient;" while the rank and file bait it with a thousand arguments of the calibre of that suggested by Lord Elcho, that it would admit Caseley the burglar,



apparently forgetting that a rental franchise did not exclude Palmer the murderer, or Redpath the swindler.

But while Mr. Clay stands exposed to a cross-fire between the camps of hypocrisy and timidity, what shall we say of the Government measure? The month is nearly out within which Earl Russell promised its production. But Sir George Grey now tells us that he hopes, in a short time, to be able to inform the House when the statistical tables on which it is to be based will be ready to be laid before it. Are columns of statistics, then, to be the sop which is to be thrown to the Tory watchdogs, while the Constitution is being sacrilegiously broken open? Or are these clouds of figures to be the mud which, like some ingenious fishes, Government is to stir up to facilitate its own safe escape? We do not suggest these similes with any sentiment of hostility to the Government. But it is, nevertheless, very hard to see why Reform is so much a matter of statistical calculation. Mr. Gladstone says that every one has a right to the franchise who is not personally unfit or dangerous. Will statistics of £6 and £8 parish rating give us any help to discover who is unfit or dangerous? Earl Russell tells every deputation that the best of the working classes ought to be admitted. But will the knowledge of the number of persons inhabiting a certain class of dwellings help us to know who are the best of the working classes? Of course, if we are resolved beforehand that we have only room for a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand new voters, it is easily to be understood that we greatly want statistics to tell us that the standard we fix upon will not admit too many. But it is a new thing to base Reform upon this grudging principle. Even if we still retain a rental franchise, the wiser as well as more generous method would be to ascertain, by inquiry, what cannot be learned from parish books, what is the average rental of houses occupied by the superior class of artisans, and to fix upon that rental as the limit. A conversation with half a dozen intelligent borough members would, in half an hour, place Government in full possession of this information. And we cannot help growing suspicious when we see elaborate preparation for obscuring this simple basis of legislation beneath a mountain of parochial rate-books.

If the *Times* is correctly informed, however, Government have already reconsidered and abandoned their determination to do only one thing at a time. Having announced that, in order to secure an extension of the franchise, they intended to leave every other question to be dealt with hereafter, it is now rumoured on their behalf that they will, in a separate and simultaneous bill, provide for the rearrangement of seats. The resolution is undoubtedly wise, for nothing could be gained by frightening an unknown number of members into resisting the first step for fear of what the next might be. And whether the measure forms two clauses or two bills does not in the least signify, provided only it is thoroughly understood that both are Government measures which Government is resolved to carry. But it cannot be denied that these changes of intention betoken a little of resolution to carry anything. They look painfully like the consequence of a Cabinet either divided or despairing. Perhaps the best that could happen to it would be that it should despair. It would then at least gain the courage of desperation, and we might be able to say that nothing in its life became it so well as the leaving of it. It might lay a foundation on which a strong party should hereafter be built, if even the Whig party, pure and simple, should be shattered for ever. Has Earl Russell the strength of mind thus greatly to despair? A week or two more will tell us. But day by day the symptoms meanwhile gather strength, that if he fails to rise on the approaching wave he will be whelmed beneath it. He is receiving plain warnings in the House, in his reception-room, and from the press, that a large measure will receive warm support, while a trifling measure will alienate his friends and not conciliate his enemies.

#### JAMAICA.

HER Majesty's Government have acted wisely in accepting the responsibility of providing for the government of Jamaica. For many years past, all who have been conversant with the state of the colony have felt that it was impossible the existing constitution should endure, and that sooner or later the island must be governed from England. So long ago as 1839 the late Charles Buller held that opinion; and in his work on colonial policy, published in 1853, Earl Grey pronounced a decisive condemnation of the Legislature which has just committed political suicide, on the strong, but apparently thoroughly correct, statement, that "the statute-book of the island pre-

sents nearly a blank as regards laws calculated to improve the condition of the population, and to raise them in the scale of civilization." In vain have successive Governments laid before an Assembly representing mostly but the planting interest, measures calculated to promote the welfare of the great bulk of the population. The little legislation that has taken place has been entirely dictated by a regard to the interests of the governing classes; but the most conspicuous characteristic of this mockery of a Constitutional Assembly was its gross neglect of public business in general. Little was done but jobs. Little was heard within its walls but petty squabbles and coarse vituperation. In the words of Mr. Eyre, which seem fully borne out by the facts, "gross personalities, private considerations, or partisan influences had almost entirely taken the place of public duty and conscientious action" in the House of Assembly. It had long since ceased to possess the confidence and respect even of the class by which it was elected, while by the people at large it was regarded with undisguised hatred and contempt. There was no alternative but to sweep it away; and it seems to us there is just as little choice in regard to the Government which should replace it. A colony divided between two races, which must for the present be described as hostile, is no fit place for representative institutions; especially when the class whose interests are most seriously affected by legislation are, from ignorance and poverty, utterly unfit to take part in public life. The only course is to place the Administration in the hands of some one unconnected with either of the races, and to give him absolute power to do justice between them. There need be the less reluctance felt to assume this authority on the part of the Crown when it is considered that both the whites and the negroes place full confidence in the home Government, and are prepared to yield ready obedience to the measures which it may adopt. We think, therefore, that Mr. Cardwell is perfectly right in declining to admit any representative element in the Constitution which he will shortly be authorized to bestow upon Jamaica. We trust that he will go still further, and send out from England the nominated councillors as well as the Governor. The colonists who might from education and position be eligible for such office, are committed to the system which has broken down, and are not likely to look with any favour upon a race which they sincerely believe to be bent upon their extermination. Moreover, the negroes could scarcely be expected to repose confidence in a Governor surrounded by men whom they have learnt to regard as their enemies. The administration must, therefore, be entirely English; nor should our interference stop even there. We gather from the reports and correspondence elicited by Dr. Underhill's well-known letter, that one of the greatest grievances of the peasantry and the labouring classes in the island has been the partiality or insufficiency of the tribunals. Rightly or wrongly there is amongst them a wide-spread impression that the present magistrates lean to the planters, and that it is in vain for a black man to expect justice when he is opposed to a white man. "Whenever," say the negroes of St. Thomas-in-the-East, in an address which they sent to the Queen last September, "we have a case which may be taken before the planter magistrates, they gives us no satisfaction, but combines with each other and takes away our rights. We most humbly beseech your Majesty, that it may please your Majesty to appoint a stipendiary magistrate to sit at every court day as may enable us to obtain satisfaction." It is, indeed, often difficult for the poor to get their cases heard at all. In 1862, Mr. Eyre, in opening the session of the House of Assembly, pressed upon its attention the "great difficulty experienced in procuring a sufficient number of magistrates to form courts of petty sessions, in consequence of which the administration of justice is greatly impeded, or often frustrated altogether; suitors being compelled to attend successive court days at great inconvenience and expense, without having their cases called on for trial, at last cease to attend any longer, and prefer foregoing the redress they seek rather than encounter further delay and loss of time." Such a state of things must necessarily tend to foster discontent in a very high degree, and steps cannot too soon be taken to appoint magistrates or small-debts judges, whom the people can trust, and who will have both the disposition and the ability to discharge the functions entrusted to them. We are not, as a rule, disposed to favour the despatch of a host of legal functionaries from this country to any of its colonies; but in the present instance we fear that it will be impossible to restore a proper confidence in the administration of justice, unless the unpaid magistracy of the island are replaced by English barristers, whose training and whose sense of professional honour will secure their impartiality. Under a Governor who



has the power and the strength of purpose to carry out an independent policy, and with courts of law whose decisions inspire respect, we have little doubt that the disaffection which is said to exist amongst the negroes will greatly subside, if it does not altogether disappear, in the course of the next few years.

Since we last wrote upon this subject, a third series of papers has been laid before Parliament. They are not entirely without interest, although they cannot be said to throw much additional light either upon the causes or the course of the late "rebellion." On the arrival of Sir H. Storks, Mr. Eyre abandoned the intention of sending home the reports on these subjects, which were in preparation, and in the last despatch which he wrote as Governor he announces that he shall transfer to his successor these and all other documents of the same kind. But little further information on these points may be expected until we receive the report of the proceedings before the Commission of Inquiry; and till then we need not hope to get at the truth even as to Mr. Gordon's trial, and, as it appears to us, his judicial murder. From a letter addressed to Mr. Cardwell by a dentist, named Vinen, we gather that Gordon was not the only person illegally arrested in Kingston without warrant or legal process, notwithstanding that martial law was never proclaimed in that town. This gentleman was, fortunately for himself, not sent for trial before the lieutenants and ensigns who were dealing out a strange sort of justice at Morant Bay; but he was thrust into a common cell in the gaol on the 21st of October, and was detained there as a prisoner until the 9th of November. During the time he was illegally kept in confinement his house was searched by the police and his letters, which related only to family and private business, were taken away and read. No charge was ever brought against him; nor was he ever informed of the cause of his arrest. He was discharged, as he had been taken into custody, without any legal form or process. This case affords a good example of the recklessness with which the Governor, or those to whom he left uncontrolled freedom of action, set at defiance the most ordinary rules of law. There does not seem to have been any reason to apprehend danger from this dentist, who is too insignificant a person for mention in Mr. Eyre's despatches. The police were evidently unable to prefer against him any sort of charge which could justify them in asking a magistrate for a warrant. And yet out of mere wantonness, on the bare chance that some evidence against him might turn up in the course of ransacking his house, he was thrown into prison, his health was seriously injured, and his professional prospects were totally ruined. It will of course be the duty of the Commission to inquire into this amongst other cases of a similar kind which are, we fear, likely to come to light. But it may be as well to bear it in mind when we are asked by the advocates of Governor Eyre in the English press to believe that all his violations of the law were dictated by an overpowering necessity. If there was danger to the peace and tranquillity of Kingston from the presence of this unfortunate dentist and others of the same stamp, Kingston ought to have been proclaimed. If, on the other hand, there was, as we believe, no danger at all, these men ought not to have been deprived of the elementary right of British subjects to freedom from arrest except on a legal warrant, based on a definite charge.

#### MARTIALIN'S MANGLE.

WHEN the scion of duchesses and countesses was brought down from the height of his Hyde Park magnificence, and reduced to the ignominious necessity of turning a mangle, he justly considered and called it "a dem'd horrid grind." On a somewhat similar principle Mr. Bright taunts the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at least by implication, with preferring a position in which he is condemned to a mill-horse round of hard and wearying work, to the honour and glory which he might so much more easily derive from exhibiting his statesmanlike qualities in opposition—dictating to a Ministry the policy they should pursue, and uttering to an admiring country the oracles of political wisdom. As long, however, as made-up linen is liked as an article of dress, mangling of some sort or other will have to be done; and beings with a possible capacity for greater things will have to submit to the drudgery of doing it. So also must the machine of State be kept in motion. The care of the public finances may be comparatively a low occupation, but it is useful and necessary. Plodding through returns, adjusting balances, distributing the pressure of taxation over the various members of the body politic, trying to be just to all though necessarily incurring the odium of many—all this involves an amount of labour, care, and anxiety,

which few would wish, and fewer still are able, to endure. Again, to be the leader of party one must first have been its servant, and even in the end, when seeming to lead, must be guided by the general feeling of the party, or he cannot hope to retain its confidence. These reasons, and others which might be urged more strongly, combine to justify Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his genius for higher things, in having chosen a career of useful labour, in which the country has learned to set a high value on his services, and in which he has also achieved no small measure of renown. We are, it is true, a nation of shopkeepers, with a general talent for book-keeping; but, after all, the highest order of financial ability is not so common among our public men that we can always afford to release a Peel or a Gladstone from work that overtakes the powers of a Spring Rice or a Wood. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a younger and less important man, he more than once quitted a Government with whose policy he differed for the time being. In his present position, such delicacy of conscience would simply annihilate his political influence, and would besides do serious injury to the party with which he had of late years chosen to cast in his lot. The time, too, cannot be far distant when it will be possible for him to enforce his own views on the Administration of the day with an authority such as to insure their adoption.

Mr. Bright, therefore, seems to us unreasonable in urging upon Mr. Gladstone a sacrifice which, whatever it might cost him personally, would be attended with very doubtful success. The Irish question is undoubtedly urgent and alarming, and the collective wisdom, modified by the collective unwisdom, of the present Ministry, does not seem able to cope with its difficulties. In the severe judgment which he pronounced on the shortcomings of past and present heads of the Government, Mr. Bright's remarks, true and undeniable in the main, were certainly unjust to the late Sir Robert Peel. Of the three measures regarding Ireland in which Mr. Bright admitted there was some "approach to statesmanship," one (the Emancipation Act) was proposed, and another (the Encumbered Estates Act) was substantially dictated by Sir Robert Peel. Make any deduction you please on the score of compulsion in the former case, at least there was some statesmanship in knowing when to yield. The undivided merit of the latter valuable measure belongs to the man who, out of office (as Mr. Bright suggests Mr. Gladstone ought to be), and almost shorn of Parliamentary power, as to the number of his followers, devised a broad and bold plan for redeeming Ireland from national bankruptcy, such as the Whig Minister of the day could never have dreamt of, and which, when he altered, it was, of course, for the worse. There was certainly "an approach to statesmanship," also, in Sir Robert Peel's establishment of the Queen's Colleges; though no one has done more than the Rehoboth who inherits his name to destroy their chance of success.

But whatever mistakes Mr. Bright may have made in his great speech of Saturday last, it was time, even if not the right time, to rouse Parliament to some sense of its duty in a matter of such vital importance to the interests of the whole empire. Insurrection, or the tendency to it, by whatever name it may be called, must be repressed with a strong and armed hand; but surely the legislation that stops at that is too Russian for an English Parliament. If the disease be desperate, neither a blood-letting nor a water-gruel treatment will remove it. Our *non possumus*, as Mr. Mill acutely remarked, means, when translated, "We don't do so in England." Such an argument might just as rationally be used in objecting to the use of the punkah in India. We are asked to give Irish peasants some hold upon the soil they till, but we do not understand it, and the late Lord Palmerston (an Irish landlord) told us that "tenant-right" meant "landlord-wrong." Our contemporary, the *Economist*, however, which is not a Fenian or Jacobin organ, and which is only revolutionary in the sense that it advocates those changes, no matter how great and comprehensive, which reason and experience operate in the government of mankind, considers that a complete reform of the system of land tenure in Ireland is imperatively demanded. In the course of the debates on the Cattle Plague Bill this week, Mr. Buller is reported to have said, "He had heard to-day the case of a very respectable man who had twenty-two valuable beasts that had taken the plague. Twenty were recovering; but, according to this Act of Parliament, the inspector might direct that the whole herd should be slaughtered. The owner of these cattle said he would almost rise in rebellion rather than permit this." The House does not seem to have received with offence this rather disloyal sentiment. Yet the Irish tenant who is turned out on the highway, and who sees, not his cattle, but his children left to perish quickly there, or



a little more slowly in the workhouse, is expected to entertain a great love and respect for the laws that work his ruin. On the other hand, he hears, perhaps, of the outburst of patriotic feeling which the landlords of his country, headed by Lord Naas, manifested when their herds were threatened with contagion. He is not much of a logician, no doubt, but he is human withal, and even Christian (though under difficulties), and the sentiment of the rebel Mitchel is much to his taste, who said that "an Irish man, made to the image and likeness of God, had as good a right to live on the soil of his country as any cow that ever was calved."

Mr. Disraeli is no favourite with the Irish Tories. The *Dublin Evening Mail*, which is their organ, is never tired of abusing him. He was candid enough to say at one time that the evils of Ireland were, "a starving population, an alien Church, and a weak executive." An Irish executive, without a voice in the English Cabinet, can never be strong. An Irish population, with the rental of the country spent in great part out of it, can never be thriving. The O'Donoghue talks of taxing the absentees, and the Irish Attorney-General ironically invites him to try it. But what did Sir Robert Peel say when he first imposed the Income-tax in 1842? Ireland was then exempted from it, but not those Irish proprietors who lived out of the country. "Let them go and spend their incomes on their estates, and then they will be exempt," said the great and wise statesman, amidst the loud cheers of the House. The "alien Church" seems likely to be soon assailed, though there are possibly questions that ought to be settled before that. But Mr. Disraeli is now bound in the chains of leadership, and the settlement of none of these questions will be much helped by him. The *Dublin Evening Mail* may conscientiously forgive him.

From Lord Russell, we may candidly say, no one expects very much in this direction. However inevitable the necessity, it is not of happy augury that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act* takes place in 1866, as it did in 1848, with him as Prime Minister. We cannot say that his disinterested zeal for the Protestant religion in 1850-1 was of a nature to make Ireland more manageable under his control than that of any other Liberal statesman. It is consoling, however, even to sincere and earnest members of the party, to think that Earl Russell will not always, or perhaps long, be its indispensable head. Events now daily occurring give great force to the apprehension which *Punch* made her Majesty express some years ago:—"Ah, Johnny, I fear you're not strong enough for the place." When Mr. Gladstone is at liberty to transfer his place at the Ministerial mangle to Mr. Goschen or Mr. Cardwell, and become the guiding mind of a resolute and well-organized administration, we hope that legislation for Ireland will bear the impress of that statesmanship which certainly marked the measures and the policy of Sir Robert Peel, and which we have a right to look for again from his favourite disciple.

#### "LAWFUL TOOLS."

"ALL things are lawful, but all things are not expedient," has, within the last few days, received a new reading, which is both startling and amusing. In the trial which has recently taken place in the Court of Queen's Bench, of "Walker v. Milner," relating to the Cornhill burglary, Thomas Caseley, a prisoner in the Millbank prison, and who was one of the men concerned in the burglary, was brought up to prove that the safe, which he and his companions broke open, was not "a thief-proof safe," as Mr. Milner was said to have warranted it to be when Mr. Walker was persuaded to buy it. The evidence of Thomas Caseley goes to prove that he and another had, under difficulties, broken it open within the hour; and that, under more favourable circumstances and without interruptions, they could have broken it open in a quarter of an hour. In the course of his evidence Caseley admits that he is an experienced hand at breaking open safes; he gives all honour to Milner's, which he pronounces to be superior to either Tann's or Griffiths's, and tells us that, in order to attain to that perfection in the art which he had already reached, he and his companions had purchased two Milner safes to "experiment on," one of which resisted them for seven mortal hours before it gave an inch; and at last yielded only when they used an "unlawful" bar to it. "An unlawful bar!" The Chief Justice is startled, and no wonder, at the use of such a term, and inquires into the meaning of it. Caseley replies—"A bar, my lord, that from its length could not be used in committing a burglary. We opened it by unlawful means. We call the tools we can use in a burglary lawful tools." The bar is also called "unlawful" because it makes a noise. Caseley looks

upon the bar with a certain amount of contempt as "a return to the old style,"—a relic of the past, of the middle ages. "With the second Milner they used nothing but lawful tools, the same as they brought to Cornhill." If anything could make up to Mr. Walker for the loss he has sustained it must be the consciousness of the "legality" and orthodoxy of the whole proceeding which now, for the first time, dawns upon his mind. It must be like pouring oil into his wounds, and must sweeten his cup of bitterness. The Lord Chief Justice and the gentlemen of the bar must have been somewhat startled at this novel view of what is "lawful" and "unlawful," and to find Thomas Caseley claiming for himself and his order the right to define where the one begins and the other ends. Mr. Webster asks him, during the cross examination, whether he "used the best class of lawful tools?" to which the witness replied, like the Scotchman, by asking another question in return—"When you say lawful, do you speak as a barrister, or as a burglar, would use it?" as if the word belonged to them both alike—a joint possession—the property of both professions, which it would seem were, more or less, on a par in Caseley's mind. Being assured that Mr. Webster uses the word in, to burglars' notions, its legitimate sense, the witness proceeds to say that "they were of the best class;" that "the best bar was five feet long, but consisted of two pieces screwed together, which were carried in a violin case,"—of course to escape detection.

We are then enlightened in the mystery of burglary, and are taught, step by step, how the iron safe was opened. "Into the orifice made by the first wedge we put the first bar, then the second wedge releases the bar, and the second bar releases the second wedge." "We have a third bar, which we did not use. We call it the 'alderman,' which he affirms "will open any safe that ever was made, no matter how good it is." In reply to Mr. Webster, we are told that there are smaller tools, "the 'citizen' and the 'citizen's friend,'" but the only member of the corporation of the city of London who is especially honoured is the "alderman," who, Caseley says, "would have opened the safe at once." Honour to whom honour is due! We suspect that the worshipful company little dreamed of their power in the hands of an expert burglar of the nineteenth century.

The insight which Thomas Caseley has given us into the sayings and doings of the class to which he belongs has its value. It is an old saying that there is "honour among thieves," but we did not think to find that they had the "law," too, on their side. That some tools should be lawful and others unlawful reflects, we presume, credit or blame upon the burglar according to his use of them. A bad workman finds fault with his tools, and an inexperienced hand requires whatever will best supply his own deficiencies. An experienced burglar would scorn to use a tool employed only by a novice in the trade; and to mark his own proficiency he designates one set as lawful, and the other as unlawful; thus casting a slur upon him who can only use the latter. He considers the use of the "unlawful" tools as little else than a deterioration of character—a kind of falling away. The transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is indeed but slight. But there is something more than this. We are let into the secret that in Thomas Caseley's brotherhood there are rules; that their occupation is a study and a system. We already knew that it had its signs, its language, and its slang, and that its members could make themselves known to each other, together with certain particulars relating to themselves, without the knowledge of any ordinary bystander. We find that they buy safes for the mere sake of breaking them open and acquiring the knack of doing so; and if any conscience is left to them it only serves to restrict them to the employment of such tools as are by their code made "lawful." They buy off the men who are "interlopers brought in for the emergency," and they have some consideration for those they robbed, for they manage that they should all suffer, as they did "not wish one to have the laugh at the other;" a consideration which is, no doubt, duly appreciated by the sufferers.

The perversion of terms which Caseley's evidence exposes is very suggestive of other evils practised under the name and high sanction of "law." Injustice and wrong have not unfrequently been done under the pretence of right. There is a considerable amount of double-dealing and humbug which passes current in society, as well as an unfortunate laxity of language by means of which "bitter is put for sweet and sweet for bitter," and words are wrested from their true and legitimate meaning till they conceal, rather than express, thought. If Mr. Walker lost his property through the lawfulness of the burglar's tools, there are others who have sustained severe losses, without any redress by means of the "law." Jarndyce and Jarndyce, in "Bleak House," is a type of that endless



litigation which has impoverished clients, and Mr. Gridley's complaint that the whole of the estate left him by his father's will had gone in costs is a true picture. "It's the system," said he; "I mustn't look to individuals. It's the system. I am told on all hands it's the system." The oppression, the grasping greed, the unscrupulous determination to possess another man's property, the quirks and quibbles and tricks, the hedging and the dodging, which shelter themselves under the name of "law," are well represented by Caseley and his gang, who, with the aid of their "lawful tools," cleared the safe of all its contents. Many a man besides the typical Jarndyce and Gridley has been cleared out in another sense by having unfortunately had recourse to law. A lawyer's bill is a proverb and a nightmare, as the cormorant is his type. Not a word is spoken, not a stroke of the pen is made, under the pretence and in the service of "law," that does not involve expense. Bills of costs, charges for speaking, for reading, for writing, for looking, for not looking, for consultations and interviews, have swallowed up the patrimony of many a man; and if the history were known of the transfer of land and property from one hand to another, it would be found to be the history of only another application of "lawful tools" to other men's safes. The story of the spider and the fly is a very apt illustration of a client in the meshes of the law. Every struggle only complicates matters, cripples the unfortunate victim, adding to his perplexities till, powerless and motionless, he succumbs—an easy prey to his relentless enemy.

No greater proof of the money-making propensities of legal practitioners could be given than when Lord Westbury came down to the House of Lords with a sheet of common foolscap in his hand, on which all that was necessary and to the purpose by way of title had been condensed out of a voluminous array of parchment, which constituted a nobleman's title-deeds to his estates. Who does not shrink from wading through the endless rehearsals and repetitions, in the stiffest phraseology, which the most ordinary legal document contains to the mystification and bewilderment of the inexperienced, who, baffled and overcome, gives up the attempt to understand it, and signs, seals, and delivers, on the assurance that is given to him, that it is all legal and right. The law, like every other profession, has its ornaments as well as its blots; but it affords, perhaps, greater facilities than any other for the dishonest stratagems of those who are without conscience. There will always be men everywhere who are up to any dirty tricks, and will unscrupulously sweep into their own plates all that they can; only it makes matters infinitely worse when, keeping within safe limits, they manage to have the law on their side, while they deprive a client of all means of resistance by exhausting his supplies. Suits, whether amicable or otherwise, are only so many ways of throwing good money after bad, and the only gainers are they who use or abuse the law for their own purposes. As many a lie is told in the name of truth, so many a cruel wrong has been done in the name of law. Law and equity are often at variance, and common sense and justice far asunder as the poles. Caseley's revelations are suggestive of all evil practices which have the pretence of right in their favour, and are carried on under that pretence, and need not be limited in their application to any particular class or profession.

#### SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

ENGLAND is a country of cliques, and if evidence were wanting of the fact beyond that which is afforded, in every phase and condition of national life, by the existence of our countless clubs, societies, and associations, we need only turn to the field of journalism to be reminded of that sectarian spirit whose tendency is to collect and classify all shades of opinion, whether on religion or politics, whether on moral or social matters. Not only have High and Low Church doctrines—not only have Liberal and Conservative theories—not only have opposite schools of art and science their respective representatives in current literature, but there is scarcely a recognised principle or crotchet of the day which a few score men can share on any subject that does not find a periodical exponent in printer's ink, time and opportunity alone being given. Of the *Photographic Times*, of the *Dental Review*, and of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, many of our readers have doubtless heard, but few are probably aware that, within the last few years, a paper has been set on foot for the express purpose of putting down tobacco smoke! There are in weekly circulation a *Temperance Advocate* and a *Temperance Star*, while a *Temperance Spectator* appears once a month, and a "Temperance Dictionary" (in which, no doubt, all words suggestive of inebriety are printed in "black letter") has been compiled, to

teach the young teetotaller to spell. If the learned professions have their several "organs," so have the minor trades. The *Churchman*, the *Lancet*, and the *Law Times*, all bear significant titles, with which the public are tolerably familiar; but who has heard of the *Grocer*, the *Ironmonger*, the *Oil and Colourman*, or the *Paper-trade Review*? Yet all these are in existence, and no doubt are perused with interest in the back parlours of many a London shop. Then there are the *Phonetic Journal*, the *Original Secession Magazine*, the *Weekly Vocalist*, the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*, *Zion's Trumpet*, and a quantity of other musical, or theological, records. Of periodical fashion-books, sporting papers, and domestic journals, there is no end. While the *British Army Review* keeps us posted in the military events of the month, we may buy the *Herald of Peace* for twopence. Every local interest is represented. Among the cheapest magazines four are printed in the Welsh language, with Welsh titles. The *Voice of Pity for America* costs but a penny, and *Erin's Hope* is offered for half that sum. The number of serials which are exclusively "Christian" or emphatically "British" surpasses belief. But perhaps the most curious examples of what may be called representative journalism are a weekly paper and a monthly magazine which, singular as they are in their object, have of late attained a still greater but by no means pleasant notoriety through the police reports of the daily press. We allude to the *Spiritual Times* and the *Spiritual Magazine*. The cause to which these remarkable specimens of current literature are devoted is perhaps sufficiently proclaimed by the name which they bear, but lest our readers should be in any doubt on this point, it may be well to state that these "spiritual" organs record and comment upon every instance of pseudo-scientific folly or quasi-supernatural humbug which they can gather from any contemporary source, whether perpetrated in the name of Mesmer or Home, whether connected with the mysterious influence of electro-biology, or the ingenious tricks of the Brothers Davenport. The principles of the *Spiritual Magazine* will perhaps be best expounded by the following definition, which is printed on the title-page of every number:—

"Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus Catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy."

It is hardly credible that in the face of such rhodomontade as the above, this journal should find encouragement. Yet it has actually existed for six years, and numbers among its subscribers people of education and social status.

The December number opens with a description of an address delivered by Miss Hardinge at the first of a series of winter *soirées* held by the Spiritualists. This lady, who appears to have achieved great popularity in America, is noted for her eloquence when in a state of "semi-trance." After explaining to the company "in what particulars the teachings of Christianity and the facts recorded by the gospels are elucidated and confirmed by spiritualism," she proceeds, in answer to the comprehensive question of one Mr. Tebb, to define truth:—

"What is truth? You imagine, perhaps, questioner, with Pilate, that there is no standard of truth. I answer to you that in every department of nature there is a standard. In the law by which suns, planets, and systems are maintained in space, there is a standard, and an astronomical truth in that which most nearly approximates to a discovery of the law. I answer you that, in the condensation of matter, in the deposition of mineral veins, in the various changes which eliminate [sic] the primal elements of matter into the infinite varieties which now manifest themselves throughout the world, there is a law of chemistry, and the truth that approximates the nearest to the discovery of that law is the truth in that direction." [Perspicuous Miss Hardinge!]

"I answer you, there is a standard within the human heart of right and wrong; that standard is the exact equilibrium of justice between man and man—that justice that respects self and administers to all human appetites, so far as God has endowed you with proclivities to satisfy them, yet never trenches on the rights of others; and action thus justly balanced is truth in morals. Truth is the discovery of God's law in any direction of inquiry. Name any object or idea, physical or metaphysical; name anything your sense can apprehend, any idea your mind can grasp, and I shall refer it back to an original standard in the grand archetypes of being where all is truth, and the nearer approach you can make to the discovery of those Divine originals, the more surely you have answered the question of Pilate, 'What is truth?'"

We hope we need quote no more specimens of this Transatlantic rhapsody to convince our readers of its intellectual value. A year or so ago a favourite "stamp orator," attired



in all the extravagances of nigger costume, kept a London audience in nightly roars of laughter by the magnificent but confessedly inconsequential nature of his discourse. His language was not always choice; his complexion was evidently assumed,—the umbrella which he carried and the shirt collars which he wore violated the probabilities of real life, but his declamations, though not instructive, were at least amusing. When Miss Hardinge has strung a dozen fine words together for the purpose of informing her hearers that two and two make four and a dozen more to prove that two and two cannot possibly make five, her great purpose is achieved—all the rest is moonshine. The theories which she propounds remind one of the remark which Dr. Johnson made to an unhappy author who had asked the lexicographer's opinion about his book. "Sir," said the Doctor, "you have advanced much that is new in your volume and much that is true; but the true portions are not new and the new portions are anything but true."

"Some Researches of Dr. Justinus Kerner," a comment on "Passing Events," in which of course the spread of spiritualism cuts an important figure, an essay on the "Mysteries of Nature and of Spirit," and a copy of commonplace verses, complete the contents of the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The first month of the present year opened with a new series. The magazine had hitherto been published by Messrs. Pitman, of Paternoster-row. It was now in the hands of Messrs. Kent; but, if we are rightly informed, those gentlemen have already begun to regret their connection with a journal which, failing to attract attention by parading charlatanism, has at length stooped to calumny. Mr. Sothorn, the actor, is distinguished not only for his professional success, but for his steady opposition to every form of "spiritual" quackery. No one is better qualified to expose its snares and delusions. Some years ago, while playing in the United States under the name of Stuart, he associated himself with a small band of professional gentlemen, whose object was a thorough, practical, and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism. The result of this alliance was not only a complete unveiling of its mysteries, but that the inquisitors themselves became adepts in the so-called magic art.

"We did," says Mr. Sothorn, in his letter to a public journal, "all that the spiritualists did, and more; but we were our own 'agents,' and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences, had we the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement-book and to make appointments. People came from all parts of America and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronized. The only difference was, we did not charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment being free was liberally supported; and when I add that the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that the 'miracle circle' was much favoured and warmly encouraged."

Passing on to comment more seriously on the subject, Mr. Sothorn says:—

"I look upon every spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. The things that these people do are not done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that; I have proved it; I have done all that they can do, and more. The history of 'spiritualism' in this country and America is, on the one hand, a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, and irreligion; and on the other, of fraud and impudent chicanery and blasphemous indecency."

This is strong language; but we sincerely believe not a bit stronger than the subject warranted. The *Spiritual Magazine*, enraged at the *exposé* and its author, has since endeavoured to traduce Mr. Sothorn's character in a manner which is as malicious as it is cowardly. Nor is this all. The *Spiritual Times*, following suit, has spread the grossest scandals relating to his private life. Of course it was not to be expected that Mr. Sothorn would remain quiet under these calumnies. After announcing in the *Times* that he intended to take legal proceedings against the *Spiritual Magazine*, he applied for and obtained a warrant against Mr. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, who endeavoured, at the eleventh hour, to tender an apology for what had occurred. This apology Mr. Knox, the magistrate, very properly refused, saying that the excuses which he made were absurd, and that the case must go for trial. Pending the issue of that event, it would of course be out of place to comment further on the matter; but it will be surprising if the disclosure, even at the present stage, does not point its moral. In all the various phases through which this mysterious doctrine of supernatural agency has passed in our day or in times past, one thing is evident,

that its promulgation depends on two important elements—credulity on the one hand and imposture on the other. Few people who have been duped like to regard themselves as fools; but if anything will reconcile them to that conviction, it is the assurance that they have had knaves to deal with.

#### THE SICK POOR.

Is there any difference between a healthy pauper and a sick one? The vestries seem to think there is not; but we do not hold with the opinion of these charitable bodies. Whatever view may be expressed as to the relative physical conditions of the two, it is quite certain that we must distinguish between them when we come to legislate. It may be all very well to say "You must not offer comforts to the pauper, because, if you do, you will increase pauperism;" but this rule cannot be applied to the sick poor. If we were to provide as cheerful a home for the poor as they could procure for themselves by industry, we should certainly encourage poverty. But surely no one—save a vestryman—would venture to affirm that, by providing for the wants of the sick poor, that by giving them what little comforts we can, we should encourage sickness? The vestryman, however, is a peculiar animal, a sort of semi-civilized Yahoo, who looks upon a poor, careworn, suffering fellow-being as a criminal, who cannot be disposed of summarily but may be legitimately submitted to the slow torture of a modern workhouse. This is no exaggeration. What we state is proved by the experience of all who have inquired into the matter; and when, in addition, we tell our readers that in London alone there are at least 25,000 of sick and infirm poor, they will see the importance of going with us into the question of their treatment.

The whole subject has lately been brought under the notice of the public through the extraordinary disclosures made by Mr. Ernest Hart and Dr. Anstie, the two commissioners employed by the *Lancet* to investigate the condition of our workhouse infirmaries. It might be thought that the existence of Government inspectors would obviate the necessity for such an inquiry as that undertaken by the leading medical journal. But such a supposition would, we are sorry to say, be grossly erroneous. It is the old story of "circumlocution" and "red tape." There is a Government inspector, and he discharges his duty as most Government officials do. At all events he appears to be an inspector lamentably devoid of common powers of observation. What do the *Lancet* commissioners tell us on this point? They tell us that on the very day that the inspector visited the "Bethnal-green" workhouse infirmary, and reported it as "exceedingly clean and no complaints," they found it in precisely the opposite condition. There was that outward semblance of cleanliness which satisfies the official eye; but a careful inspection showed that the sanitary measures were of the most disgraceful kind. We cannot in these pages enter into the details of the disgusting state in which the wards of this house were found, but we may mention that there was hardly one-third of the necessary cubic space for each patient; that the lavatories and baths were deficient and bad—in one ward several children being washed in the same pail of water and dried in the sheets; that the cooking of the food was unwholesome; that there was no resident medical officer, no dispenser of medicines and no dispensary; that there was no system of night-nursing; that the male lunatics were crammed into a little dark gloomy ward, and were overlooked by a weaver out of work; and finally, that the whole of these sick people, 600 in all, were attended by one or two medical men, who devoted a couple of hours a day to the treatment of their complaints.

It is heartrending to think that such uncared-for misery and wretchedness as is depicted in this sketch can exist in any Christian country, but how gloomy the picture becomes when we know that this is but the fiftieth part of the loathsome inhumanity which exists in a single city. Twenty-five thousand fellow-creatures lie sick and dying—many of them accustomed in better times to the comforts of home and the sympathy of friends—in the wards of foul, unhealthy infirmaries. Their sufferings are unheeded—their ailments are insufficiently attended to. They are placed under the control of the coarsest-minded and most uncharitable governing bodies in the universe, and so long as they are left under that control so long shall we hope in vain for their improvement. We ask ourselves shall this state of things be allowed to continue? If in an ordinary hospital a whole staff of visiting surgeons and physicians, of house surgeons and nurses is required for even the moderately charitable treatment of the sick, shall 25,000 suffering human beings be less humanely dealt with because forsooth they have committed the dreadful offence of



being paupers? We believe that once the means of reform are laid before the English people those means will be speedily carried out. Half measures will not suffice. The present scheme is a radically false one, and if we would improve it it must be by substituting another for it. There are certain general principles to be observed in regard to the treatment of the sick, and upon those principles must be based the plan which is to supersede the present one. In general terms we may say that these are—ample space accommodation and adequate medical attendance. Inasmuch as our workhouse infirmaries contain six times as many patients as those in all our metropolitan charities, they must be regarded as the great hospitals of London. Hence it is of importance that particular care be paid to their construction. They should not simply be large houses situate in some convenient place. They should be built upon a peculiar model, should afford a definite space (1,200 cubic feet) to each patient, and should be erected upon some healthy spot. These conditions have not been regarded in the construction of the present buildings. "At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields the ground within the buildings is raised greatly above the level of the surrounding streets; so much so that the ground-floor rooms look like basement cellars, and this is due to the fact that the site is an ancient and well-stocked churchyard; and these rooms, with this offensive abutment of churchyard earth blocking up the windows on one side, have been converted into wards. Not one of the wards is more than 8 feet 6 inches in height, and the surgical wards are scarcely over 8 feet."\* Again, and this is a matter of equal import, and equally neglected, under the existing system—the interest of the medical attendant should not be allowed to clash with his duties. There are two ways in which this is liable to occur at present. In the case of an unscrupulous officer, whose salary is generally expected by the guardians to cover the expense of medicines, it is very unlikely that any but the very cheapest and least valuable drugs will be administered to the patients. On the other hand, a conscientious but timid medical attendant may fear to put the guardians to expense, and may on that account avoid prescribing important medicines. The medical staff, too, of our workhouse infirmaries should be enlarged. The idea of one medical man being able to attend to five or six hundred patients is simply monstrous. Each hospital should have at least a visiting medical officer, a resident medical attendant, a dispensary and a dispenser. In addition to these there should be a staff of paid day and night nurses. The absence of this feature in the present system is one of its worst blemishes. Mr. Hart has forcibly pointed out the consequence of this defect in the case of the St. Leonard's (Shoreditch) Workhouse infirmary. Here there was only one paid nurse, the rest of the attendants being paupers, and there were no night-nurses of any kind. "One nurse plainly avowed that she gave medicines three times a day to those who were very ill, and twice or once a day as they improved. The dressings were roughly and badly applied. Lotions and water dressings were applied in rags which were allowed to dry and stick. I saw sloughing ulcers and cancers so treated. In fact, this was the rule. Bandages seem to be unknown. But the general character of the nursing will be appreciated by the detail of one fact, that I found in one ward two paralytic patients with frightful sloughs of the back; they were both dirty, and lying on hard straw mattresses; the one dressed only with a rag steeped in chloride-of-lime solution, the other with a rag thickly covered with ointment."

The existence of the state of things we have referred to is a blot upon the civilization of the country. It is a disgrace to the State that so many suffering human beings should be submitted to the cruelties that are now inflicted on them by those representatives of degenerate humanity, the vestries. But we are hopeful. The seeds of a great reform are already sown in the publication of the *Lancet* reports, and the good work is being furthered by the labours of an Association which has just been formed "for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of London Workhouses." Of the exertions of this society we shall speak in a future number; at present we can only say that we heartily wish them success.

#### A GREAT WILL CASE.

A CASE which occupies twenty days in hearing, and which decides on the disposition of between six and seven thousand a year, may claim some notice beyond that of the local papers. Next to a breach of promise, there is no proceeding at law in which the public take a deeper interest than in the opening up

of wills. There are, indeed, some analogies between the bitter contention of disconsolate relatives, and the fight which ensues for damages over the grave of blighted hopes. But of the two, will cases show the worst side of human nature. The quick and the dead usually come badly out of them. That disagreeable conflict of testimony which proves that there is false swearing somewhere; that ungenerous exposure of secrets which the tomb in decency should be permitted to hide; that briefing of innuendos which scatters scandal so woundily, make up a cynical chapter not very pleasant to peruse. Proverbially there are no such enemies as your family litigants. They know all the soft places, and instruct the barristers accordingly. They fire from point-blank range at each other, or rather conduct the warfare in the fashion of the Australian aborigines, who give and take alternate whacks upon the skull, until the weaker scone breaks under the battering. The case of *Fitzgerald v. Fitzgerald* is one of those which seem to exhaust all the contingencies of testamentary litigation. Undue influence, mental incapacity, and fraud, were severally charged by those impugning the instrument, and in a style which admitted of nothing as sacred from imputation. Claude Duval was accustomed to return a lady whom he robbed, at least a souvenir, albeit her own; but when a barrister gets a woman upon the table, whose evidence he is engaged to subvert, he almost deprives her of her senses, and if he presents her with anything, it is with a piece of his mind with which she would just as soon dispense.

Lady Fitzgerald was hardly dealt with. She was a widow, and we all know the way a counsel takes with widows. The very smile with which he announces the vidual condition to the jury is maddening. To be sure, in this instance, there was a weight of evidence against the manner in which the will was obtained. The testator was a man of revolting habits, and at best of wavering intellect which he constantly fuddled by his excesses. It was proved that he replenished his brandy flask ten times a day. He never dined at the club without pocketing a few spoons and forks. He stole billiard cues whenever he could. He drank at village ale-houses, and spoke to the barmaids about his domestic affairs. He appeared at a public auction in a morning gown and slippers, and bid vigorously against himself. When he gave a sort of *matinée dansante* at his residence, he was intolerable to his guests. He signed a deed involving his immense estates in a condition which one of the witnesses mildly described as "under the influence of drink." That such a man could be led to do anything is quite conceivable, and that he was led by undue pressure to make a will the jury virtually found. As the judge clearly put the law, the burden of proof lies with those who allege (who profit by) the will. The capacity may be very limited indeed. The great essential is that the testator should know what he is about. If he knows what is wrong, and does it deliberately, the law will maintain his intention, if the other formal conditions are satisfied. But Sir Edward Fitzgerald for years before his death was habitually intoxicated. Previous to his proposing to the lady who married him he made overtures to half a dozen others, and, simultaneously with his successful wooing, he imparted a second tenderness to one for whom he offered to throw over his intended. His addresses could not be very fascinating from all that we read, but Mrs. Rose took him for better or worse. It is impossible not to think that the woman must have had a wretched life with such a husband.

As if he was not bad enough, a nephew is imported into the house who becomes the boon companion and partisan of his uncle. The lady at last flies the roof which affords her so uneasy a shelter, and then a lawyer relative of hers comes upon the scene who was not at all oblivious of his cousin's interests. A jury regard a barrister acting gratuitously something after the manner in which the legal fraternity in the lump were held by Hauser Trunnion. They look with suspicion upon a case in which a lawyer has been "aboard" unprofessionally. We must say, however, that this one was not spared by his brethren when they got him on the table. He was most impenitently tortured. The absurd and reprehensible system of cross-examining a witness as if he were suborned or perjured was carried to its utmost limits in this case. When will an indirect examination be conducted by a process ameliorated with even the slightest attempt at courtesy? The ferocity with which a witness is hackled seems never to be abated. There appears to be a tradition on the point. The opposing counsel will break you down somehow, and he goes to work with a savage determination far beyond the value of his honorarium. And then the recklessness with which these gentlemen of the bar publish their opinions of the other side surely needs amendment. To accuse a lady of prevarication, fraud, and lying, is bad enough, but to hunt up her age, and

\* The Condition of the Infirmaries of the London Workhouses. By Ernest Hart, Esq. London: Chapman & Hall.



to force one of her own sex to repeat the casual impertinence of a sot in order to turn her into ridicule is, to our minds, an act which even the privilege of an advocate should not excuse.

There is not, however, much sympathy to be wasted in any party to this suit. Lady Fitzgerald could not be said to have married for love, nor do we believe she was a purchaser without sufficient notice. The point alleged most prominently by her counsel indicated how much of her case he was compelled to surrender. He urged that Sir Edward Fitzgerald, having deceived her into a marriage which could be no marriage, regretted his conduct in the end, and sought to make what reparation he could for it. Counsel faced the question of motive bravely. He insisted that there were women who would prefer nursing a sick husband to being cherished by a sound one. He indignantly repudiated the idea that the feminine heart was incapable of feelings sublimely exalted above materialities. He quoted a familiar verse about the ministering angel, a figure which has done a fair amount of service in this connection. We do not pass any opinion on the value of those sentiments which belong to the lot which are said to do honour to human nature, but the jury went dead against them. Juries of late are impervious to eloquence. The chops and tomato sauce style no longer goes down with them. But we are not so much concerned with the verdict, as with the manner in which the case was conducted. To put aside the nauseous details which were evolved, and the unseemly positions in which some of the litigants appeared in court, there is room for censure on the bar who added unnecessary fuel to the hatred and spite of their respective clients. We have bullying barristers yet, but they would scarce have attempted the extreme lengths to which counsel went in the cause of *Fitzgerald v. Fitzgerald*. There was nothing to choose in this between either of the parties. They both opened with grape-shot exchanges. They had a genealogical battle into which a more or less historic admiral was brought. They endeavoured to blacken their shields at the expense of mutual ancestors. The amount of irrelevant testimony was enormous. Scores of doctors were examined with the usual result. Grooms, coachmen, bailiffs, magistrates, soldiers, billiard markers, bill discounters, jewellers, wine merchants, cigar vendors, and waiters, were pitted against each other in a way that elicited the remark that the case resembled a faction fight. Of the swearing we will not speak, but it was disagreeable to read of the oaths hourly tendered to validate evidence which the reporters were unable to publish. One tenth of those matters would have sufficed for the jury, and one half the witness-baiting and *Nisi Prius* "wit" had better been omitted. But the litigants being relations would say the worst they could of each other, and any one who reads the case must regret that the ablest forensic talent in Ireland should be willing to serve a purpose which seems almost to have preceded the design of obtaining justice.

#### LORD MALMESBURY AND THE LIFEBOATS.

WE suppose there must be in the breasts of Statesmen who have once held office a yearning for its flesh-pots, which prompts them to regard every act or omission of their opponents with a hostile eye; a yearning so strong and so apt to mislead its possessor, that it requires more than ordinary common sense and self-control to keep it in check. Otherwise the Earl of Malmesbury could hardly have made so signal an exhibition of his incompetence to understand a very simple question as he did when he lately charged her Majesty's Government with feeling less deeply than it should the necessity of providing means for the preservation of human life upon the coast. Lord Malmesbury has to learn, and the sooner he learns it the better, that there are occasions when it is wiser to stand aloof than to interfere—to be silent than to speak. If, for instance, a thing is well done, do not meddle with it, do not pull it to pieces because it is not done according to the method you fancy. It answers its purpose; let it be as it is. It is not an uncommon error amongst persons not noted for wisdom to prefer form to substance. They would sooner sacrifice a benefit than obtain it by any other method than their own. There are people also who will not be silent, no matter how much they may damage themselves by injudicious speaking. Lord Malmesbury's motion upon the lifeboats shows that he belongs to both classes. He would have been silent had he known that the Government which he accused of indifference to the preservation of life, subsidizes the Lifeboat Institution to the extent of £3,000 a year, and defrays the expense of the rocket stations, which are also worked by the coastguard. But that he could speak in such ignorance of the subject he was discussing as not to know these facts, says little for his caution. But his position was no better when he spoke

of things which he did know. He did not indeed deny the services of the Lifeboat Institution, but in his opinion "it was not creditable to this great maritime country that the rescue of our imperilled seamen should be entirely left to the care of private generosity and benevolence." This is a matter of fancy, and he must be a very fanciful person who will object to a system for the saving of life, that it is supported by voluntary funds, not out of the public treasury.

It is due to Lord Malmesbury to say that his objection has another basis besides this, but unluckily it is an unreal basis: one which has no existence in fact. He says that the Lifeboat Institute has not sufficient machinery at its command completely to do the work it proposes to itself; and he states, as one proof of this, that on the coast between Poole and the Solent there is only one lifeboat. Then he says that, on Sunday week, when the storm was at its height, a brig was in danger, some 200 or 300 yards from shore, off Christchurch, and that the whole of the crew might have been saved if a lifeboat had been stationed at Christchurch. There is no part of our coast on which such a casualty might not happen; and, of course, it may be said with regard to that, or any other casualty at sea or on land, that if means of rescue are at hand those in danger will have a fair chance of being rescued. But if Lord Malmesbury really means to say that the machinery of the Lifeboat Institution is insufficient, because there is no lifeboat at this or that point at which a vessel may happen to come ashore, then he fixes a standard with which no Society and no Government could comply. Lord Malmesbury admits that there are parts of the coast where a lifeboat is unnecessary. We should say that places where a wreck is a very rare occurrence would come within this exception. Such a place is Christchurch. Since 1858 only one wreck has occurred there, nor was any ship wrecked or lives lost there previous to that date for many years. We observe, from a paper of queries and answers which lies before us, that the Committee of the Lifeboat Institution make thorough investigation into the possibility of establishing a lifeboat at any point of the coast with success; and, after perusing the answers, with respect not more to the necessity than to the feasibility of placing a boat at Christchurch, we cannot but conclude that they have been right in not putting a lifeboat upon that station. More than the Institution does to supply our coasts with this means of rescue no Government could do; very few Governments, we believe,—certainly not our own—would do the work by any means so well. It is a work in which zeal—a quality abhorrent to red tape—is above all things necessary. The Committee of the Institution have proved their zeal by the fact that whereas in 1850 they had only 12 lifeboats under their management, they have now 162. They have proved it by the fact that, not satisfied with this, they not long since published extensively an advertisement addressed to clergymen, officers of the navy and mercantile marine, gentry, and others resident on the sea-coast, and notifying that the Committee were prepared to establish and maintain a lifeboat station on any part of the coast of the United Kingdom, where it can be shown, from previous disaster, that a lifeboat is required. They took this step, although from returns made to them by officers of coastguard and customs, Lloyd's agents, and other competent persons, it appeared that there was no point of the coast unprovided with a lifeboat where one was shown to be needed, and where there was a sufficient number of resident boatmen and fishermen to form a crew. What more could Lord Malmesbury expect from Government? For our own part we should not expect more but less. Nay, the Board of Trade which subsidizes every lifeboat station with £18 per annum, where they consider a station necessary, have refused this subsidy to twenty-seven of the Society's boats, because they consider them more than is necessary.

A wilder project than that proposed by Lord Malmesbury, or a more mischievous one, could not well be conceived. It is one of which we feel sure he would never have dreamt had he not been in Opposition; and we think that when he read the report of his speech the morning after he delivered it, he must have seen that it furnished an excellent reason why he should remain in Opposition; for surely a Statesman who could make so inconsiderate an attack on Government for not interfering with a work which is already admirably performed by voluntary agents, cannot be credited with much discretion. It is not as if he had laboured under the impression that the Lifeboat Institution was feebly endeavouring to discharge a duty beyond its powers. He spoke of it as "this great and noble institution;" said that it "had done wonders;" mentioned the fact that it possessed a revenue from voluntary contributors (but subsidized to the extent of £3,000



by the Board of Trade), of £30,000 a year; and gave it credit for having saved 15,000 lives in a period of twenty years. He gave it no more than its due. But crediting it to this extent, what on earth could induce him to say that its machinery is insufficient. There is positively not a shadow of ground for this rash and mischievous statement. Its machinery is so abundant—and Lord Malmesbury does not deny its efficiency, but, on the contrary, lauds it—that it actually advertises not for more help, but for more work. It has no need to ask for co-operation. It speaks of the liberal support it receives from the public as “unlimited.” Its boats are manned, on occasions of quarterly practice and service in saving life, on an average, by 6,000 persons in the course of the year. It is so splendid an example of the zeal and efficiency of private generosity and benevolence, that even the Emperor of the French, most jealous in everything else of action independent of the State, has, while requesting the Institute to supply him with some boats for the use of the coast of France, distinctly expressed his objection to their being placed under the control of the French Admiralty, preferring that they should be managed as they are in England. Now if we were obliged to choose between the French and the English Admiralty, we should say, for efficiency of administration, “Give us the French.” But Louis Napoleon prefers before either such voluntary action as we see in our Lifeboat Institution. And he is right. The Institution has achieved its magnificent success because it has been perfectly free from red tape, and the indolence, the jobbery, the circumlocution, the apathy, and the heartlessness it engenders. Lord Malmesbury, from pure love of red tape—mainly, of course, from anxiety to be handling it—would put an end to all this. We are thankful to know that he sits where he does, and has not the opportunity of office to practise what he preaches.

#### BOYS.

“MAXIMA debetur pueris reverentia”—boys must be treated with the profoundest respect—says Juvenal, who knew as well as most men how naughty boys could be. We will try and not break through his good maxim, though we must be candid about some of the peculiarities of boyishness. When it was announced to Mr. Caxton that he was the undoubted father of a boy, he set himself down in true earnestness to define what a boy was. He could think of it only as the younger form of a man—“man, a male combination of gases; boy, a young male combination of gases,” and so on. He did not come to a very satisfactory decision; nor shall we pretend to do what Mr. Caxton found impracticable. Indeed, there are three distinct points of view from which to regard that young male combination, and each of those views would suggest a fresh definition.

There is the boy as beheld by the poet or philosopher, the boy as he appears to the painter, and the boy as he is seen by the everyday people in the world. The boy of the poet and philosopher must always be spelt with a capital B, so as to distinguish the idea conveyed to them by “boy,” from the notion that the rest of the world gets. A Boy in Wordsworth’s or Bulwer’s pages is no more like Tompkins minor, a boy at Greyfriars, than a bison is like a brindled cow. When the boy (with the capital B) is not actively engaged in being the father of the man, he is making himself the expression of the freedom of nature; his sturdy legs tell of Liberty; there is Hope under his hat, and Joy beneath his jacket—he is an inspiration to the bard! Also, in the Bulwerian theatre, the boy plays a most distinguished part. His clear eyes have not yet witnessed the divorce of the True and the Beautiful; his eagerness has not felt the chill of doubt; his affection is not poisoned by the world; he believes, and therefore he speaks; the hard outline of the present is softened by the same rosy mists that in a few years will only hang over his future—and all that sort of thing. Truly the Boy is not to be despised; there is fine writing to be evolved from the Boy. It is from some deep insight like this into the eternal fitness of things, no doubt, that Goethe delights in his autobiography to claim this title for himself, and, indeed, to use it freely instead of the first personal pronoun. Where an ordinary mortal would have said, “I was astonished”—“I didn’t seem as if I could get at the bottom of it”—“I didn’t forget this for a long time”—the immortal Goethe writes, “The Boy was staggered at this”—“the Boy was conscious of something which he kept to himself”—“all this made an impression on the Boy.” Perhaps, however, it may only be a peculiarity of style and not of philosophy; it may be only a way of treating boy as a quasi-proper name, just as we say, “baby is fractious”—“baby feels his feet;” which are reported to be everyday formulas in the best regulated nurseries. But about the philosophy there can be no doubt when we learn, on

the authority of Hegel, that Egypt represents the boyhood of the world. We have no doubt it does, but do not quite know why. Greece is the youth of the world, because its history begins with the youth Achilles, and ends with the youth Alexander; so there is no doubt an analogous reason for the position of Egypt. But Hegel’s philosophy falls short of that apotheosis of boyhood which the unctuous Mr. Chadband is represented as pronouncing in “Bleak House.” When that oily propagandist has secured the poor little street Arab from “Tom-all-alone,” for an improving discourse about the “trewth;” he bids him raise up his voice in thanksgiving, not because he is rich or happy, but because he is a Boy—a thought which makes Mr. Chadband burst forth with that hymn of praise:—

“O running stream of sparkling joy,  
To be a soaring human boy!”

Very excellent fooling is this; and yet it is not more absurd than much that is gravely said about the *puer vulgaris*, by those whose penetrating gaze looks through the concrete to the ideal boy.

The painter, too, has his ideal boy. He is a youthful Nazarene; no razor comes upon his locks. Of course we do not forget all the pictures of squalid little beggars with a short scrub of hair, but they are utterly concrete, and have nothing to do with the question. No, the painter’s boy has either the cherubic curl, which, as Keats reminds us, always seems to be “blown back;” or else he rejoices in long waving hair, which escapes from the confinement of the very gentlemanly cap which he wears. The boy need not have been particularly strong upon his legs, indeed, a developed calf is inadmissible in his structure; but his strong point must be his eyes; they must be absolutely unsearchable, and if they are five-and-twenty years too old for him they are all the more ideal for that, as in Mr. Sant’s picture of John Milton at twelve years old.

The rest of our paper must deal with boy with a small b. Some people think it a very dreadful animal; some have said that a boy is the most merciless creature existing; not the typical Domitian, or Nero, or whoever it was who stuck flies with a bodkin, but the casual boy, whether by way of teasing dumb animals or of bullying his own species. No doubt this is a terribly cynical view to take; but it would not be very far from the truth to describe a boy generally as the most *inconsiderate* animal under the sun; for this trait is not unconnected with much of that thoughtless daring and that reckless generosity and independence that gives so real a charm to boyhood. For to some folks boys have an indescribable charm; the idea of being a schoolmaster is to some the most alluring prospect, and these are just the persons who get on well with boys; a sort of unconscious freemasonry, a frank confidence is at once established between them—they understand one another. Such a master, with no apparent effort, can get an amount of work out of a class of boys that five other men toiling night and day would fail to achieve. But, again, there are others who seem to have a constitutional *vendetta* against boys. Sometimes it is a lifelong antipathy; sometimes it is peculiar to a particular time of life; as, for instance, in the eyes of a young lady of seventeen a boy is generally an unbearable nuisance.

But not very long ago a venerable archdeacon took up a strong view about boys in the University pulpit at Oxford, and adapting a verse in the Epistle of St. James, he declared that “every kind of beasts and of birds and of serpents and of things in the sea is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind, but a village boy can no man tame; it is an unruly evil,”—and sometimes one is tempted to endorse the preacher’s view when one chances to catch a sight of the boys in a country church who are out of view of the clergyman, when the schoolmaster nods on a warm Sunday afternoon—boys asleep stretched at full length in the chancel; boys pulling each others’ hair; boys pinching the accessible girls; boys masticating adamantine apples; boys sucking the most potent peppermint; boys thrusting out the most audacious tongues and pulling the most hideous grimaces. We have seen such who really were an unruly evil.

There was a clergyman once who hit upon an ingenious device for limiting these amusements in church. He used to come into the school before service and say, “Now, boys, let us empty our pockets,” and turning out the contents of his own on the table, he soon made a most motley collection. For it is a remarkable peculiarity of boys in every grade of society to amass a heap of the most heterogeneous, incongruous articles in the pockets, generally accompanied by a lump of toffee to bind the whole together. One of the pictures in the academy by a realistic artist not very long ago was called “The Contents of a Boy’s Pocket.” It was a fine study of still life. The



probable result of dredging in a school-boy's pocket would be a haul of a knife, half a dozen nuts, a piece of chewed india-rubber for making pops, a length of slate pencil, a little brass gun, a paper of gunpowder, a chestnut with a hole in it, a bootlace, a piece of hardbake, a penny warbler, and the barrel of a steel pen. Now might it not be very possible to moralize on this *rudis indigestaque moles*? Is there not something exactly characteristic of boyishness in this way in which so many things are jumbled and mixed up together? For our own part we believe that just as a doctor has some poor creature's inside sent him in a jar that he may give a decision about his case; so if we had the pockets of half a hundred boys cut off with their contents untouched and sent to us, we should get a better idea about those lads than by all the graphiology, and phrenology, and cheiromancy in the world. We throw the notion out merely suggestively, for the consideration of papas and mammas. While clothes are so expensive we do not hope to have many pockets sent us for analysis, but it would be at any rate something quite new in literature, when writing the biography of an eminent man to commence by detailing the contents of his pocket on such a day in such a year, and conclusively showing how the whole of his after-life and the future development of his character could be elaborated from this analysis.

#### EPICUREAN POETRY.

IN one of those Round-about papers in which Thackeray's humour went engagingly slippered, the author of "Vanity Fair" said upon the whole he rather liked his novels "hot." It is supposed he meant a story with a movement in which the dry sticks of incident are rubbed so briskly together, that a certain narrative caloric is evolved in the process. There is, however, another sort of literary heat which prevails in a modern school of poetry, and which we have made free to set down under the above heading. This is put hot in the mouth after the fashion rather of French than of English writers. Most assuredly there is a licence for saying things in verse against which people would close their ears in prose, and critics seem to encourage this upon the ground that poetry is the "Casta Diva;" that what she unveils is veiled in innocence, and clothed in purity; that she can say no wrong nor think it. Of course there are more intelligent judges who explain their leniency upon sounder principles, but in the main the indulgence which on this plea was claimed for the critics of "Don Juan," is permitted to versifiers of our time who dabble in the same sort of wine and water. We should the more guard against this, for despite the free draught of opinion which keeps our moral atmosphere healthy, there are from time to time whiffs of another kind, voluptuous gales and winds laden with the patter of dancers' feet, and the voices of actresses degraded by their own manager into "the handsomest women in England," who can be seen for the money. It behoves us at any price to keep art out of the gutter, and to have its vestal flame and vestal votaries as high examples, and a protest against the grosser life. Sensuousness in poetry is deplorably frequent. It is an excess too from which no good can come. It is barren of thought and fancy, and is both emasculating and effeminate. Though not so bad as the tropes of Killigrew, Rochester, or Davenant, it just inclines towards them. We have had poems published in London within the last few years in which women were treated as *poses plastiques*. We must use plain words on this subject, and the phrase which denotes the most shameful spectacle of our day is the only one to express our meaning here. Those productions were issued from houses of the first respectability, and of course the authors composed them in that complete mail of modesty which so envelops the soul within that the body can walk nude and unabashed without. Those who viewed too closely the immaculate muse were Peeping Toms. They frolicked in a guileless way those Cyprian poets, and carried out their literary naturalism in the pure spirit of intellectual White Quakers. We believe this epicurean poetry to be originally the reaction of della Cruscanism. In the latter the sex were unsexed into abstractions, and every woman was either a nymph or an angel, while a lover could embrace nothing but a cloud. In the former we have Romeo communicating his own fever to Juliet, incoherent with passion, his lips trembling with voluptuous epithets, and his language perpetually playing wanton with desire. Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats, in their eagerness to upset the poetry of the full-bottomed wig period, cultivated this emotive sensuality just as the Greeks might have done, condensing even still more the feelings which the Greeks had fixed in marble and legend into a personal and fervid enjoyment of

existence and of the poetry of earth which Keats in his daring paganism pronounced immortal. Coleridge's "Christabel," in which Leigh Hunt says the very letters are descriptive, is exactly a case in point; so is Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." We have then the laureate taking up the running, his sympathies however being too catholic to be trammelled; he could wake from the dream of fair women to enlist us in the columns of the six hundred. Tennyson has tricks of thought which have now been as closely imitated as Pope's metre. Some of them have been cleverly adapted to the feeble spinets of our poetlings, others have been stretched and monstrously enlarged by men of talent who can harp with considerable power on one string. These latter are the principal writers of epicurean poetry. As one special example is worth pages of general statements, we shall take Mr. Robert Lytton as perhaps the best illustration of this style that could be selected. In a poem of his which appeared a few months ago in the *Fortnightly*, the finest passage was incomparably that which described the residence, character, and person of an Egyptian courtesan. The interest of the piece hinged and hung about this lady, and she was depicted with a warmth of tone and colour that suffused adjective epithet and rhyme with a sort of perfumed luxuriousness. Her chamber was described with a detail and ability which might make Dumas *fil*s jealous for his peculiar laurels or camellias. She was made the exponent of that wholesome philosophy which the author of "Paul Clifford" endeavoured to popularize, but which the author of the "Caxtons" seemed a little ashamed of. Her title to preach was held by the poet to be quite equal to Solomon's, and her sermon was altogether superior to the discontented mouthings which the writer gave the wise monarch to deliver. The poem, as a whole, was saturated and steeped in epicureanism. When passion is jaded, appetite gone, when the blood is chilled and sluggish, then welcome death, sleep, and the grave as a *final rest*. Eat, drink, do worse, and die, for you cannot do those things over again. This notion pervades all Mr. Lytton's compositions. It is a mixture of Shelleyism, Byronism, and the paternal Pelhamism. Those uncomfortable complications which arise when a lady is married to the wrong gentleman, and the right one turns up after a sufficiently romantic period, is a favourite theme with him. He is an expert at touch-and-go situations. The reader is kept on the tenterhooks to see how the author will conclude the business without some outrageous violation of propriety. Though, indeed, he sails close enough in all conscience to the wind, to give him his due, Mr. Lytton manages with as little indelicacy as possible under the circumstances; but his art is, and the aim of his art would seem to be, to engage your interest and curiosity in the difficulties he has to contend with. As we put no faith in moral salamanderism, we cannot hold that such works are innocuous. They are evil, not for what they say, but for what they suggest. Coarseness may be guarded against, and the bane is its own antidote to most well-bred people; but this elegant impurity is infinitely more dangerous. It extends our experiences into very hazardous quarters. It is not improbable that there is a class for whom it would be hard to write too high,—a class who desire stimulants, and books with enough of cynicism to stir a tried palate, and enough of impropriety to give the dish a wild game flavour; but for the great middle class and gentry of this country, a craving for such literature would indicate a social evil very difficult to eradicate. It is not pleasant to see a Menken sort of Godiva hoisted upon every Pegasus with poets to urge the steed into his paces as they do the horses on the Roman racecourse. There is a radical looseness in criticism which is unquestionably responsible for the appearance of this at all. We wonder ladies can tolerate the impertinences of those writers who allude to them with such an immodest freedom. It can scarcely be possible they like it, and yet they never complain of it, although they give us their opinions through the press on other subjects liberally enough. They surely are most aggrieved. We have seen verses extracted from those boudoir favourites, and set in the infamous collections which emanate from the literary stews of Holywell-street. We have kept this fact for the last, and commend it to the careful attention of the writers and readers of epicurean poetry.

#### DISINFECTANTS AND DR. SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—From the last-published report of the Cattle Plague Commission, the public has learnt for the first time that one of the most important branches of the inquiry—namely, disinfection—has been devolved on Dr. R. Angus Smith, of Manchester. To those not in the chemical world it will no doubt seem all right that this gentleman



should, in the report in question, recommend, as the only reliable disinfectant besides chloride of lime, an article called "M'Dougall's Powder." To such, however, as are aware that Dr. Smith is co-patentee of that preparation, the matter has another aspect.

How came it that this circumstance, which is notorious among chemists, was unknown to all of the members of the Commission, and how was it that Dr. Smith could bring himself to accept the important trust? It surely cannot be possible that Dr. Smith entertained the notion that our Franklands, Odings, Millers, Williamsons, &c., were all disqualified for advising the Commission, on account of their having no interest in any disinfecting patent?

Yours obediently,

London, Feb. 21, 1866.

INDIGNANS.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE University has been unusually lively of late, owing to the concurrence of several important matters of business. The decision in favour of the proposed new Professorship of Comparative Anatomy was so overwhelmingly emphatic, that every one was surprised and unable to understand where all the threatening of opposition had come from, or rather where it had all gone. That great opposition was expected was evident from the very large number of members of the Senate present in the Senate House, no less than 180 giving votes, and not a few abstaining from voting, though watching the proceedings with interest. Even such a question as the "Girls' Examination," so much talked of about this time last year, only collected 110 votes or so. The first grace, to appoint in Dr. Clark's place a Professor of Human Anatomy, instead of a Professor of Anatomy, was non-placeted, as it, of course, involved the other grace, and 152 to 15 were the numbers obtained on a scrutiny. The second grace, to appoint a Demonstrator at £100 a year, passed without opposition; and the third, the especially obnoxious grace, passed by 163 to 17. Of course, all hope of throwing it out was over when the first numbers were announced, but in spite of that, the opponents were determined to carry out their non-placet, and so gave every one the trouble of a long scrutiny.

The next step is the election of the two Professors. Dr. Humphrey is now without a competitor for the Human Anatomy chair; indeed it was incredible that even such an irresponsible body as the electoral roll should put any difficulty in the way of his election. His lectures for the last twenty years have been too valuable—not the less valuable because voluntary, and almost entirely unpaid—for the most careless and regardless of bodies to pass him by. For the other chair, of Comparative Anatomy, it must be confessed that we have not quite the material to choose from that could be wished. When more attention has been turned to the subject among us, there will no doubt be a succession of satisfactory anatomists, but at present we have rather to select the most likely man and trust that he will make a good Professor. There will be a close contest, it is expected, between Dr. Drosier of Caius and Mr. Newton of Magdalene. The former has been deputy to Dr. Clark for some years, and has also nominally lectured in Caius through a long period; the latter has the good word of Owen and other men of distinction, and is excellent especially in birds. The younger portion of the electors may be expected to go for the younger man, and the older men for the other, but there will be many exceptions on each side. The electoral roll containing at most three hundred names, about one hundred of which may be put entirely out of the question for various reasons, every vote is of consequence, and the rival candidates are said to be exerting themselves strenuously, either by personal canvas or by the efforts of friends, to which Mr. Newton confines himself entirely. Dr. Drosier has brought out another pamphlet, in addition to the one I mentioned last term, giving his further ideas of what the new Professor ought to be. In this sketch, as in the previous one, he has certainly not drawn the characteristics of his antagonist, but then neither has he drawn his own, so far as the world outside is able to perceive. The elections to the two chairs take place on Thursday, March 1, the polling for the chair of Comparative Anatomy continuing from one till half-past two o'clock.

Dr. Drosier recently read an interesting paper on the "Air-spaces in the Bodies of Birds" before the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He thinks he has disproved (1) that these air-spaces are intended to assist in supporting the bird in flight by rendering it lighter in consequence of the rarefaction of the air they contain, and their continuation into the hollow bones. (2) That they assist in the oxidation of the blood. Dr. Drosier has calculated that the floating power from the rarefaction of the air in the air-cells and hollow bones of a pigeon weighing ten ounces, would be less than a grain. He also showed, in a hen inspected and dissected, that the air-cells are not copiously supplied with blood-vessels. He considers that the office of these spaces is to act as double bellows, causing a constant circulation of fresh air through the minute air-spaces of the lungs.

The proposition for an American lectureship has been unexpectedly rejected by 105 to 75. Before this decision the supporters of the scheme were hopeful of a majority, but a fair number of respectable men were of the opinion which I expressed in my last letter, viz., that it would be much better to decline than to accept Mr. Thompson's offer. The discussion in the Arts Schools was of a very lively character, and men seemed

a good deal in earnest about it. Of course it is a question on which it is more easy to speak on the favouring than on the other side. It is so much more easy to be frank and trusting and generous in a speech than to be suspicious and captious and ungracious. It is also so pleasant to be of liberal and open views, with expansive heart and arms ready to embrace a man and a brother wherever such a person is to be found, as compared with being obstinate and Tory and "stick-in-the-mud." When a large number of open-hearted young members of the Senate are collected, with views of their own on Church matters and State, the broad is so unquestionably a more acceptable path to follow than the narrow, that it was to be expected that the favourers of the scheme would speak in greater numbers than their antagonists. In fact, only one speaker made any considerable speech against the scheme. Nevertheless, it was felt by many that the University would be going out of its way by entering upon such a novel course as was proposed. We have hitherto been able to teach all we wished to have taught by persons on our own staff, and with a Professor of Modern History in our possession, in the person of Mr. Kingsley, we could get on very well without any gentleman from Harvard College, Massachusetts, to eke out our historian's lectures. It seems that a large addition has recently been made to the University library in the shape of American literature, and this material would certainly enable Mr. Kingsley to repeat his lectures on America, delivered a year or two back, with facts and illustrations posting us up to the most recent times. The Professor, however, declared that he was strongly in favour of accepting Mr. Thompson's offer, and he vowed that his peculiar province would not be trespassed upon; but that does not alter the fact that Mr. Thompson's offer ignores what Mr. Kingsley has done and may yet do. The following are a portion of some remarks put forth by a member of the Senate, the tutor of Corpus Christi College, on this part of the subject:—

"Professor Kingsley speaks of our University as a 'dignified' body. I thank him for the word. And I will frankly say that, if we would not forfeit our title to that epithet, we must courteously but firmly decline the present offer. It is not an offer to found and endow a Professorship or Lectureship in Cambridge; though I have tried to show that such an offer ought not to be greedily accepted. It is a proposal to send once in two years a stipendiary missionary to Cambridge, whose business it shall be, not to propagandize (Republicans never do that) but to acquaint our students with Republican principles and their practical working in the American States. It is an arrangement by which (to adopt the felicitous phrase of an eminent member of the Senate) we shall be favoured with a biennial flash of Transatlantic darkness.

"First, I do not regard the offer, however intended, as really complimentary. Assuming—as Professor Kingsley evidently assumes—that it does not originate with the gentleman with whose name it stands connected; assuming that it is a proposal made by one dignified corporation to another, we may question, we may deny, the propriety of our accepting an offer made in such a way and on such conditions. Why is it made at all? Because we are ignorant of America? Professor Kingsley has told us that it is now our own fault if we are so. We have plenty of information about America in our library; and if we are too lazy to refer to it, he is able to instruct us.

"I know that in these days it is often considered Quixotic to oppose a measure on the ground of its being undignified. Right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, are the only alternatives to be presented or entertained. But surely in Cambridge we may appeal to an *αισθησις* of which the standard exists, however vaguely it may have been defined. I cannot believe that (to use Professor Kingsley's own word) a 'dignified' body like our own can submit to the indignity of accepting a lecturer from abroad, who should be appointed by a foreign college, and paid by a benevolent individual, to teach us lore which our own Professor could not master or impart, and who should lecture with two naked extinguishers suspended above his head."

These two extinguishers are the power of either University to put an end to the lectureship at any time. But, unfortunately, that could scarcely be done while the lectures were actually going on. The Vice-Chancellor would have a veto, but it must be exercised upon a man of whom he may know nothing whatever, at a distance of some thousands of miles. It would mean, in fact, just nothing, for the authorities of Harvard must make a very strange choice of a lecturer indeed if the Vice-Chancellor could veto him from mere reputation. Once here, no power could stop the lecturer. If he were to break out into the wildest excesses—not that he would be likely to do so, however—he must still go on, and we must still allow our young men to go to him. Our own Professor we can trust, but I think we can scarcely be so confident with a stranger of whom we know nothing. While saying this, it is only right to add that many of the few who think in this way would be only too glad to hear such lectures at a fitting time and in a fitting place. Another objection, which has not been raised here as yet, and would need to be very gently handled if it were raised, is the attitude which Harvard maintains towards dogmatic theology. Boston and its neighbourhood form a stronghold of Unitarianism, and the sentiments of many of the most cultivated men of Harvard are well known. Socinianism is notoriously supported with great ability by that school, and some of the names we value most among the creators of American literature have been stout partisans on that side of the question. It is very true that a man might lecture admirably on America without introducing theological discussions, but still, to put it broadly, to have a Unitarian republican—as we may easily have—lecturing under the formal sanction of the University, no matter what his subject so long as his object is to prove the excellence of principles to which he stands committed, would be anomalous if not dangerous. The majority on Thursday thought it dangerous.



These matters have used up all my space, and there are other things behind which must be passed by for the present. There has been another death by drowning in the upper part of the Cam, a freshman of Trinity, Mr. Richard Atkinson, having lost his life by the upsetting of his boat. A decrepit old man saw the accident, and waited on the spot for two hours till some one came up, when of course the young man was dead. It is only in this unfrequented part of the river that such accidents can occur; the parts below are shallower and the banks are more frequented.

A grace is to be submitted to the Senate for putting a stop to tandem-driving. It has always been the theory that this species of fastness was illegal, and therefore the leader has been taken out a short way from the town, and then fastened to the innocent dog-cart; of late tandems, and still more sporting arrangements of driving horses, have become much more usual, and respectable people are constantly obliged to draw well to the side of the road to let a tornado of unskilful undergraduates get clear by.

#### THE OXFORD "HOAX."

OUR Oxford correspondent alluded last week to a trick which had been played upon the *Daily News*, and which our contemporary very properly characterized as an "ungentlemanly squib." We have since learnt that it is open to much more severe reprobation, and that the insertion of the hoax was obtained, not merely by the improper use of a gentleman's name as guarantee, but by an imitation of his handwriting. It is satisfactory to find that this impropriety has been traced to its author, who, we trust, will meet the punishment he deserves for having been guilty of an act so dishonourable.

#### THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

NO. VIII.—THE LIBERTIES OF DUBLIN—A FIELD FOR A MISSIONARY CHURCH—PARISH OF ST. CATHERINE—THE EARL OF MEATH—SUDDEN CONVERSION OF A BARRISTER INTO A RECTOR—LAY PATRONAGE—ST. JAMES'S—A GOOD VICAR—ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—A GOOD PLACE, BUT NOT THE RIGHT MAN—DEAN MAGEE—ST. ANN'S—DR. WHATELY'S PATRONAGE—BISHOP DICKINSON AND HIS FAMILY—THE CASE OF THE PRAYER-BOOK v. THE BIBLE—THE TWO ARCHBISHOPS, A CONTRAST—ST. MARK'S—A PARISH WITHOUT A HEAD, WITH CURATES PREACHING OPPOSITE DOGMAS, AND LEADING THE FLOCK IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

In ancient times the government of Dublin was a miniature representation of the Government of Ireland generally, with its numerous chiefs, each rejoicing in his independent jurisdiction, and his power over life and property in his own little domain. The city of Dublin also was divided into little principalities, called "Liberties." The Archbishop of Dublin had his Liberty, in which he could erect what has been described as a sure sign of civilization, namely, the gallows, and use it too. The Prior of Kilmainham had his Liberty, and so also had the Dean of St. Patrick's—all rejoicing in their exemption from the jurisdiction of the Mayor of Dublin.

But "the Liberty" which has survived to the present day belonged to the Earl of Meath, and comprised a considerable portion of the western part of the city at the south side of the Liffey. An ancestor of this peer, Sir William Brabazon, held the office of vice-treasurer and general receiver of Ireland from 1534 to 1552. He was three times at the head of the Government as Lord Justice, and of course availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded to get possession of so large a portion of Dublin. The Earl of Meath's Liberty has always been noted as the lowest and most impoverished part of the city. It is considered bad enough now, but it is a paradise to what it was half a century ago. It consisted for the most part of very narrow streets, lanes, and alleys, occupied by artisans, petty shopkeepers, labourers, beggars, and a numerous class that lived by vice. Whitelaw, in his History of Dublin, states that from ten to sixteen persons of all ages, and both sexes, slept in a room not fifteen feet square, "stretched on a wad of filthy straw, swarming with vermin, and without any covering save the wretched rags that constituted their wearing apparel." From thirty to fifty individuals were frequently found in one house. In Plunket-street, in 1798, thirty-two contiguous houses contained 917 inhabitants, and the entire Liberty averaged from twelve to sixteen persons to each house. There was at that time an utter neglect of sanitary arrangements—an evil which has not been cured yet. Filth accumulated outside

the houses till it was nearly on a level with the windows of the first floor, producing smells that to visitors were intolerable. In back lanes and narrow yards matters were still worse, while the nuisances of slaughter-houses, knackers'-yards, soap-factories, &c., poisoned the air on every side. In Thomas-street, the great thoroughfare to the west, there were, in 1798, one hundred and ninety houses, of which fifty-two were licensed to vend raw spirits, and were kept open all night—scenes of drunkenness, rioting, and all sorts of vice. When the stranger remarks upon the poverty and squalor of the Liberty at the present time, he is told, perhaps, by his Irish friends, that it is all to be ascribed to the Union, but if he goes back to the history of ante-Union times, even when the Liberty was the seat of the silk trade, he will find that it was then ten times more wretched than it is at present.

This is a sort of population for which the Established Church ought to have made provision on a scale proportionate to the extent of the population and its demoralized condition. It is chiefly situated in the parish of St. Catherine, which at the close of the last century was inhabited by 20,000 people. At present the population is about the same, but only 1,595 belong to the Establishment. For these there is ample accommodation in the parish church, which is conveniently situated—a fine building with sittings for 900 persons. The net value of the living is £300 a year. We are not surprised to find that it is in the gift of the Earl of Meath, nor do we question the general belief that, in the manner and form provided by law, the next presentation is sold to the highest bidder, and that there is therefore little regard paid to the intellectual or moral fitness of the rector, who claims to be the sole legitimate pastor of the 20,000 souls within the bounds of his parish. The late rector became the subject of a trial which contained very unedifying disclosures, and it could not have been expected that under his pastoral care much could have been done for the spiritual good of the people. Nothing can be said against the moral character of the present incumbent. But turning to the "Irish Church Directory," published by Mr. Charles, we find something very remarkable in the dates connected with the appointment. The Rev. Robert Vance was ordained in 1849, at which time he entered the diocese, and in the very next year he was inducted as the rector of this parish. Mr. Vance suddenly abandoned another honourable profession, the Bar, for the purpose of entering the Church. His previous training, therefore, could not have specially fitted him for the discharge of his duties as the pastor of a missionary church in the midst of a poor, ignorant, dense population. It is true that he is assisted by two curates, but if a rector is not himself very well qualified for his office, he is not likely to employ curates with abilities calculated to eclipse him. The men of his choice will be faint reflections of himself, and even if they have superior light, they will find it prudent to keep it shaded. This may account for the melancholy fact that while the total population of this parish within the city bounds is 18,000, and the Church of England population is 1,595, and there is accommodation in the church for 900, yet the actual attendance upon the ministry of these three clergymen at Sunday morning service might be contained in a schoolroom of moderate dimensions. This parish has the best estate in the city, amounting to nearly £1,000 a year, managed by a board incorporated by a recent act of Parliament, at the instance of Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P. Part of the stipends of the two curates is paid out of this fund. The church at Harold's-cross, and another in Swift's-alley, off Francis-street, are chapels-of-ease to St. Catherine's, though each has its own district assigned to it, and each minister has the position of an incumbent.

Among the charges brought against the late rector, who had exchanged an English living for this parish, was one of mismanagement, in connection with the proceeds of the great parish estate. To avoid his creditors he lived in the vestry-room of the church. At one time, when the Rev. Mr. Hastings was rector, and the Rev. Thomas Gregg curate—two excellent ministers—there was a great revival of religion in this parish, and the church was full; but since that time it has been rapidly sinking in popularity and public estimation. This result has been brought about partly by interminable parish squabbles connected with pecuniary matters. A Presbyterian congregation in the neighbourhood is said to have been largely recruited from time to time by desertions from St. Catherine's; whereas if its pulpit were efficiently occupied by an Evangelical minister capable of preaching extemporaneously, the contrary effect would be produced; the Dissenters would frequent the church as they have done to a large extent in this city.

St. James's parish is next to St. Catherine's, and though it also is in the gift of the Earl of Meath, it has been much more



favoured by Providence. So long ago as the year 1826 the living came into the possession, by purchase of course, of an excellent Evangelical clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Kingston. It is a vicarage with a rentcharge of £331, the net income being £222; but Mr. Kingston is not dependant upon this income. He is said to be one of the wealthiest of the Dublin clergy. By his instrumentality and exertions a new parish church has been built, and it is a model of what a parish church should be, beautiful and commodious, all the internal arrangements being calculated to inspire the cheerful feeling expressed in the words of the Psalmist:—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord." The church population of the parish is 1,872, the total population being 18,495. The Protestant paupers are so numerous in the South Union, which is situated in this parish, that one of the curates is almost exclusively employed in attending to them. The new district of St. Jude's, near Kilmainham, where a good church has been recently built, and is well filled, has been formed out of part of St. James's parish, not only with the consent, but with the active co-operation of Mr. Kingston, though at a yearly pecuniary loss to himself. If all incumbents were like him, the Establishment would be in a very different position to-day. Still the fact remains that a good parish minister, after labouring for forty years, finds only one in eighteen of the population adhering to his Church.

The parish of St. Andrew's embraces the commercial centre of the city,—College-green, Dame-street, Grafton-street, Suffolk-street, Westmoreland-street, &c., the church being situated near the University and the Bank of Ireland. At the beginning of this century, the total population was 7,600; at present it is 6,900, of which 1,572 are members of the Established Church, 4,971 being Roman Catholics and 363 of other denominations. The parish may be regarded as in an especial manner belonging to the State. The patrons are the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chief Justice, the Chief Justices of the Common Pleas, and the Master of the Rolls. The two Chiefs, being now Roman Catholics, declined to exercise their rights. The late vicar, the Rev. Mr. Bourne, was a pluralist of many years' standing, holding a parish in the country. He was an octogenarian when he died, a few years ago, and was seldom seen or heard of, so that the rising generation of his parishioners had almost forgotten his existence. The senior curate for forty or fifty years, a quiet, estimable man, was the Rev. Mr. Nevins. After him the pulpit was occupied, and the church well filled, by a very popular preacher, the Rev. Charles Tisdall, now Dr. Tisdall, Chancellor of Christ Church and Rector of St. Douglough's, in the county of Dublin. The gross income of the parish is £674, and the net income £427. When the last vacancy occurred there were many candidates for this desirable post. If the congregation had had a voice in the matter, they would no doubt have chosen some able, accomplished minister, whose eloquence would have filled the pews. But they had no voice. It is said that the Chief Justice Lefroy was anxious for the appointment of the Rev. Dr. De Burgh, a minister distinguished for his knowledge of Hebrew and for his constant preaching of the Millennium, with the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land. The Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls were said to be strongly in favour of Dr. Tisdall; but the Archbishop, having a veto, held out against them all, and insisted upon the appointment of Mr. Wolsely, who became the vicar, having also the honorary title of Archdeacon of Glendalough. He had been for many years the Secretary of the Association for Discourteous Vice. The Rev. Thomas Jordan, one of the newly-appointed curates, is an excellent ethical scholar, who has edited and annotated Dugald Stewart's great work on moral philosophy. The congregation has suffered from being without its parish church, which was accidentally destroyed in 1861, for five years, the service being held on Sunday in the parish schoolhouse. The attendance has dwindled away so much that it will be difficult to restore it.

The church remained in ruins since January, 1860, the parishioners, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the patrons, not being able to make up their minds as to the character of the building to be erected—whether it should be an unpretending structure, suitable for the very small congregation of resident parishioners, or whether it should be a magnificent edifice worthy of its situation and an ornament to the city. The latter idea was ultimately adopted. The design unanimously approved of is that by Mr. Lynn, of Messrs. Lanyon & Lynn, of Belfast; the estimated cost of which is £10,500, to which may be added £400 for railing and stone work in front of the church, £500 for organ, £100 for bells, contingencies £1,000, ornamental work £700, architect's fees £600.

According to the latter plan, which admits of ornamental

additions at any future time, the building has been completed, and will be opened for public worship shortly. It is a really beautiful edifice, far too grand for the parish, unless it be regarded as a sort of metropolitan church, to which strangers visiting Dublin and unattached worshippers might be attracted, in which case a Church Spurgeon located there, or even a man of far inferior power, with a gift of extemporaneous preaching, like the late minister of Trinity Church, Dr. Gregg (now Bishop of Cork), would be instrumental in doing much good in promoting vital Christianity. Something like this would be done in such a case by the Presbyterians, or by the Roman Catholic bishop, who know the importance of adapting means to ends, and with whom the great end is not that the post would suit the man, but that the man should suit the post—not that a certain amount of property should be enjoyed by a clerical friend, but that the greatest amount of good should be done to the people, and consequently to the influence of the Church. Archdeacon Wolsely is a wise and good man, truly estimable and exemplary; but he belongs to the high and dry school of preachers, who have less chance of a hearing in Dublin perhaps than in any place in the United Kingdom. Consequently, unless the venerable vicar of St. Andrew's be magnanimous enough to employ eloquent men as curates, and to allow them to preach regularly, there is much reason for apprehending that this fine building, the erection of which has drawn so largely on the general funds of the Establishment, will be but an addition to the long list of metropolitan parish churches which have so sadly failed to answer the object of their existence. There is at present a minister in the Irish Church by whose preaching St. Andrew's would be sure to be filled to overflowing. We allude to Dr. Magee, grandson of the late archbishop of that name. He is unquestionably the most powerful and the most accomplished preacher that the Establishment could boast of for many years. His is not the declamatory style of pulpit eloquence which puffs up columns of wordy climaxes, like an engine letting off the steam, or flings around masses of rhetorical froth. His oratory indeed is sparkling and spirited, but it has always a strong body of thought. While stirring the feelings with the fervid power of a true master of eloquence, his matter is so solid, so logically arranged, so good, and so instructive, his diction so appropriate, correct, and pure, as to gratify the most fastidious taste. If, then, the Irish Church had a government capable of turning all its intellectual and moral resources to the best account, Dr. Magee, who is comparatively useless as Dean of Cork, would be placed in the metropolitan pulpit of St. Andrew's, and where, like Dr. Gregg in Trinity Church, he should have nothing to do but preach. The services to the Church and to Protestantism of such a man in such a position should be regarded as cheap at £1,000 a year.

St. Ann's, as we have already remarked, is the parish church of the Archbishop, whose palace is in Stephen's-green, North. The parish includes some of the most respectable parts of the city, such as Stephen's-green, North, Dawson-street, Kildare-street, Leinster-street, Clare-street, Merrion-street, and part of Grafton-street. The total population, according to the last census, is 10,919, which is about 4,000 more than it was sixty-eight years ago. Nearly 2,000 of these belong to the Established Church, 8,727 are Roman Catholics, and the remainder Dissenters of different denominations. The gross value of the living is £512 a year, and the net value £300. The church, which has been rendered much more commodious by the abolition of the old square pews, accommodates 1,000 people, and it is well filled by a highly respectable congregation—much better filled than any of the parish churches in this city.

The admirers of the many great qualities, intellectual and moral, of the late Archbishop Whately had to lament some weaknesses in his character. Logic was his forte, and he had an extreme fondness for dialectics. He was never so happy as when surrounded by those of his clergy who appreciated, or pretended to appreciate, most highly and admiringly the displays of his powerful and subtle intellect in this department. The consequence was that he saw and heard too much through the eyes and ears of those favoured friends, and that he had too little respect for excellent ministers of another stamp, who formed no part of this intellectual clique. There was, therefore, a strong impression, not altogether unfounded, that Dr. Whately, though in the ordinary sense of the word remarkably unselfish, was partial and unjust in the exercise of his patronage. He had his pets among the clergy, whose families he loaded with favours, while others of much higher standing and longer service were totally neglected and perhaps thoroughly disliked. Where the Archbishop took a liking he was a thorough-going friend, and it must be admitted



that those who enjoyed his friendship were generally distinguished by real moral worth. The most worthy of his favourites, however, was Dr. Dickinson, who had been his chaplain, and who, through his influence, became Bishop of Meath. Bishop Dickinson died prematurely. His son, the Rev. H. Dickinson, was appointed, when a mere youth, to the parish of St. Ann's, of which the Archbishop is patron, and two of his brothers got livings in the diocese. His brother-in-law, the present Dean of St. Patrick's, became Dr. Whately's examining chaplain and Archdeacon of Dublin, with the great parish of St. Peter's and its appendages, chiefly from regard to the deceased Bishop of Meath. Mr. Russell, the senior curate of St. Ann's and secretary of the Musical Loan Fund, also owes his position mainly to the same cause. Facts like these, quite as much as differences on the education question, perhaps, accounted for the general dissatisfaction felt by the evangelical clergy, who are the great majority, with respect to Archbishop Whately's administration of the diocese. The present vicar of St. Ann's is a superior preacher as well as a most diligent and successful parish minister, which is proved by the flourishing state of his congregation, and his attention to the parochial schools. On the death of the Rev. E. S. Abbott, rector of St. Mary's, Mr. Dickinson was appointed in his place as Sub-Dean of the Castle Chapel, of which the Dean is Dr. Graves.

But a great change has come over the spirit of St. Ann's—a change as great as the difference between Archbishop Whately and Archbishop Trench. The case of the Prayer-book *v.* the Bible has been carried on in Ireland with alternating success from generation to generation. Under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Whately the Bible was in the ascendant; under the jurisdiction of his successor it is the turn of the Prayer-book. Scripture may be the rule of faith, but the Rubric must be the rule of practice. This tendency to magnify the liturgy and exalt the clergy is marked everywhere in the diocese, but is most notable at St. Ann's. The church is now open *daily* for divine service, and the Holy Communion is celebrated every Sunday. This decided change shows how much a bishop can do in directing the consciences of his clergy, and altering their views of ministerial duty.

The parish of St. Mark's is one of the most important in Dublin. It contains a population of 20,887, of which 3,784 belong to the Established Church, and upwards of 16,000 to the Church of Rome. The living is a vicarage, the gross income of which is £449, and the net income £303. The patrons are the same as those of St. Andrew's, namely, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop, the three chief judges, and the Master of the Rolls. The church is a substantial, capacious building in Great Brunswick-street, standing in a grave-yard still unclosed, much below the level of the road, and it affords accommodation for 1,300 people. It is attended largely by the working classes and small traders, that is, largely in proportion to the other classes; but like most of the other parish churches it has a thin, listless congregation. The lifeless aspect which it presents is easily accounted for. The parish has been in an unsatisfactory condition for many years. The vicar, the Rev. George McNeill, resides at Kingstown. His name is seldom heard amongst the Dublin clergy, though he has enjoyed the benefice since 1831. He spends generally from four to six months of every year in England; and when at home, he seldom or never appears in the church or parish, except at noon service on Sundays; and he is "assisted" for the most part by curates, who are either very young and inexperienced, or of an inferior class, who do what is right in their own eyes. While one may be a very zealous ritualist, magnifying the Church and the Prayer-book extravagantly, the other may be pulling in an opposite direction as an extreme member of the Evangelical school. In fact, the parish has no head. The clergyman, who should perform the functions of a head, is supposed to dislike the people, though he has been connected with them in the endearing relation of pastor for more than thirty years. The parishioners apparently reciprocate the feeling, and would, perhaps, hear with the greatest satisfaction of his translation to England, or to a better country. As a consequence of this state of things, all the parochial institutions are in a decaying condition, while in the immediate neighbourhood a sort of nondescript Dissent flourishes in a splendid building called Merrion Hall, erected and supported by voluntary subscriptions.

At the annual meeting of the Old Water-Colour Society, held a few days since, Mr. T. R. Lamont and Mr. E. K. Johnston were admitted into the Society. There were no less than thirty-seven competitors. The Members resolved that in future the number of Associates should be increased to thirty, instead of six-and-twenty as heretofore.

## FINE ARTS.

## MODERN GREEK DECORATION.

THE decoration of the Hall of the Fishmongers' Company which has recently been completed by Mr. Owen Jones, will no doubt create a fresh interest in the much disputed question as to the coloured decoration employed by the Greeks. The building which has now been made the subject for experiment in classic decoration can scarcely, however, be said to have in its exterior any resemblance to a Greek building, neither is there much in its interior which can strictly speaking be considered as Greek in form; but it so happens that the ornament applied very freely by the architect in the capitals of the columns, the ceiling of the great dining-hall, and other parts, has been very correctly copied from the antique examples. The exterior is of the most utilitarian order, with not even a classic portico; and Mr. Roberts the architect, who built the Hall at the time when new London Bridge was being built, and by the side of the approaches to which it stands, seems to have thought of nothing but the interior, and in the ornamenting of this he showed the best taste. This it is that has fortunately enabled Mr. Owen Jones to present us with an example of Greek colouring according to his view of the ancient practice, which is in a great measure sanctioned by the actual discoveries of the remains of colour on the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and other ancient Greek buildings, as well as by the theories of those architects who, like M. Hittorff, Prof. Semper, Prof. Müller, and others, have devoted their attention to the inquiry for many years. M. Hittorff is the author of an exhaustive work upon the subject, which is illustrated with many restored examples, and he has also executed some decorations in the antique style at Paris. Mr. Owen Jones, himself a great reformer in decorative art, and a practical student of ancient art as displayed in the temples and palaces of Egypt and Greece, showed by the colouring of the Greek Court in the Crystal Palace what might fairly be assumed as the Greek style of decoration. This, indeed, must be taken to be a more severe and correct example than that which is now to be seen at Fishmongers' Hall, though not by any means carried out to the full extent warranted, as we are assured, by the researches of the best informed architects. In one most important feature, for example—the gilding of the whole shaft of the columns—but a very inadequate attempt was made to realize the splendour of the Doric temple. This was an experiment in taste too costly even for the spirited Directors of the Crystal Palace of twelve years ago, who must be allowed the credit of having lavished all their gold upon the Alhambra. That such was the ancient practice, however, is perhaps one of the best supported of the views of the polychromists; and in fact this being admitted, it becomes difficult to conceive how the coloured work upon the rest of the ornament of a temple could have been less vivid and positive in its colours. We are enabled to form some idea of the magnificence of these gilded columns by the effect of a moderate bestowment of this most rich decoration upon the principal hall of the Fishmongers. In this noble apartment the half columns against the side walls, which are of the Roman Corinthian order, are very richly gilt, and the depth of tone is very much enriched by the colouring of the under cuttings of the foliage and other parts, which is a crimson approaching to scarlet. Red is very freely employed throughout this large room, but in a very subtle manner on the under surfaces of the cornice, and so as to contribute a general sense of richness without the direct impression such a powerful colour would give on prominent parts. Vermilion has been discovered in the flutes of the columns of the Erechtheum, and Mr. Bracebridge, who made many minute examinations of the Parthenon and other temples at Athens thirty years ago, mentions the unmistakable remains of colour, as well as his having found fragments of triglyphs, of fluted columns, and of statues painted "with the brightest red, blue, and yellow, or rather vermilion, ultramarine, and straw-colour, which last may have faded in the earth." A female head, preserved with these fragments in the museum of the Acropolis, has the eyes and eyebrows painted, and the colour is described as a thick coat of paint. These facts were laid before the committee of investigation appointed to examine the Elgin marbles by the Institute of British Architects in 1836, consisting of Mr. Hamilton, Sir Richard Westmacote, Sir C. L. Eastlake, R.A.; Mr. Cockerell, R.A.; Dr. Faraday, F.R.S.; Mr. Angell, Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Scoles. They found on several fragments traces of engraved ornament, and some in which it was doubtful whether the pattern visible as a raised and smoother portion of the marble was left so originally, or had been protected by the paint from the action of the atmosphere, which had eaten away the rest of the marble. No traces of colour were found in the bas-reliefs, metopes, or statues of the pediments; but these had all been so thoroughly washed with strong alkali, after having been moulded for taking casts, that any traces would, as Dr. Faraday decided, have been entirely removed. We cannot enter upon the subject of painting and tinting statues and bas-reliefs, and other modes of ornamenting them, as it is one too extensive for our present purpose. Mr. Owen Jones makes such a use of red as is to be seen in the decoration of the Fishmongers' Hall and the Greek court in the Crystal Palace; that is to say, on the soffit of the cornice and the under surfaces, partly from his own idea of the appropriate relative position of yellow or gold on the convex, red on the under surfaces, and blue on the receding surfaces; and partly because, when stating this opinion to Mr. Hittorff, as he relates in his "Apology for the Colouring of the Greek Court," that distinguished



architect showed him, to his great delight, "a fragment of a soffit from Selinus with a large patch of the strongest red still remaining on the surface of the preparatory coat of stucco with which the temple at Selinus was covered." Few persons are aware probably that this stucco surface was a regular practice of the Greeks, and one in which they only followed the Egyptians, their teachers, whom they were destined so far to surpass in the requirements of art; it was necessary in order to make the white marble take the colour, and though it may appear to us absurd to plaster over fine marble, yet we must remember that marble was the common building material of the Greeks, and had no more value in their eyes than our Bath stone. The fine sculptured ornament on the cornices, the capitals of columns, and other parts, was incompatible with the stuccoing practice, and, at the same time, led probably to a more chaste adornment with colour. The earliest decoration was the simple painting of patterns on plain surfaces in the manner which is seen in numerous instances in the Greek vases, on some of which indeed there are temples painted as, it is conjectured, all the Greek temples were. The plain surface of the abacus and echinus of Doric columns is shown to have had a painted pattern on it in one of the illustrations in Mr. Hittorff's work, taken from a Greek vase. This was a method which was abundantly seen at the time in the temples of Egypt, and it was no doubt adopted, but it was soon found that the climate of Greece was more destructive to work of this kind than that of Egypt, and thus carved work superseded the painted to a great extent, though the principle of colouring was no doubt retained for its obvious effect of relieving the carved ornament, and enriching the whole work. Those who, like Mr. Penrose, are not disposed to admit any colouring that cannot be supported by actual traces, consider that the white marble was "toned" down with yellow, perhaps a kind of varnish of wax and gum resin, as Faraday detected those substances in his analysis of the ancient colours found on the marbles. It should be said, also, that in consequence of the discovery of an engraved outline of patterns found very generally, it has been considered that this was always done; but Mr. Owen Jones suggests that this was an expedient employed to facilitate the repainting of the ornament on moulded surfaces difficult of access, and therefore it would not follow that all surfaces now found without traces of this incised pattern had not been painted with ornament. In the Fishmongers' Hall we observe Mr. Owen Jones has boldly supplied a painted frieze of honeysuckle ornament all round the walls, level with the capitals of the columns, and the effect is certainly excellent. Upon much of the moulded work, also throughout the hall, in the cornices of the passages, the plain capitals of columns, and other parts not carved, the water-leaf in colour and gold has been very freely introduced, though not quite in those brilliant reds and blues which Mr. Hittorff proposes. Mr. Owen Jones, we would suppose, very naturally felt disinclined to apply Greek decoration in all its rigour to an interior, and a building which could not be made to comport with such a style. That which we must all admire so much, it would appear, has been designed rather as a modification of Greek decoration to suit this particular kind of architecture, which is necessarily a very bastard production, although the ornaments are real. It is, however, as it exists, a work of decorative art to which considerable importance attaches in many ways. One of the chief, as it seems to us, is that the classic style of architecture is the one form completely adapted for a grand museum such as must soon be built for the national collection. And whether the severest Doric, or some Greco-Roman style, or even the modified classic of the rich Italian of Palladio or Sansovino, which in English hands now seems to have become almost native, there is not the slightest doubt that the coloured decoration of this building, whenever it arises, will be a work of the greatest importance. The present British Museum is a pitiable and a most unworthy attempt at Greek decoration. The fine Town Hall of Birmingham has been recently decorated in better taste; but the Liverpool hall has no pretensions to propriety of decoration, fine as it is as an interior; and the Manchester Free-trade Hall, loses much by the absence of rich and appropriate decoration; so that the public have hitherto had little opportunity to judge of the beauty that resides in Greek decoration properly and fully carried out. The Fishmongers' Hall now affords some idea of the splendour and infinite refinement and variety that are to be got with such a style of decoration, and it should satisfy us that we have an architect so capable to deal with a style that demands the very highest perception of the subtleties of colour and form in ornament.

One great adjunct to Greek decoration is absent in this hall, and that is the sculptured figure. It is scarcely necessary to point out how admirably statues would be seen in a grand hall decorated, as we feel persuaded it would be, if entrusted to Mr. Owen Jones. The great central hall of the Vatican would be nothing, except for its unequalled contents, compared with such a sculpture hall as we hope to see in our new museum.

There is, however, quite a new feature supplied by Mr. Owen Jones in the completion of this hall of the fishmongers in the furniture. The carpets are designed in Greek taste, with all the rich harmony of the Eastern looms. They would have been recorded by Herodotus in his most glowing terms of wonder; and such is the beauty cast over the interior by this kind of lovely mosaic pavement in velvet pile, that, for once, we feel a new beauty has been added to Greek art. The fire-grates are new designs in Greek style; and the chairs and tables and the draperies, though they are not so Greek as they might be, are made sufficiently

nondescript not to offend the eye, while they suggest the most unrestrained and boundless comfort, without which, to a fishmonger of the classical order, the highest art must be a vain and empty display. We should add that there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to see Fishmongers' Hall, especially now that the Company have such good reason to be proud of it.

#### MUSIC.

THE performances of the Royal English Opera Company came to a sudden suspension on Saturday, when Covent Garden Theatre was closed at two or three hours' notice. It matters little what may have been the proximate cause of this hasty step (questions of finance in some shape or other) the loss to art is small, although some few country visitors may have to regret having been disappointed of seeing the grand comic Christmas pantomime which has for some weeks been the prop of our national opera establishment. The company has taken Drury Lane Theatre for a fresh season, to commence on April 2. Without a change of policy in the management, however, this shifting of locality can scarcely lead to better fortunes for the future. Felicien David's "Lalla Rookh" had been in preparation, and was announced for production on March 1. Whether this work is to inaugurate the new season, or whether we are to be indulged with some fresh specimen of "native talent," such as those which have hitherto damaged the prospects of the company, is not stated. It is to be hoped, however, that the management will allow the would-be great composers of England to rest a little after the unwonted strain which has been put on their genius during recent seasons, and will produce adaptations of such foreign works as will not subject the performances at Drury Lane to necessarily disadvantageous comparisons with those of the two opera-houses which will be open during the same period. If such a policy be judiciously pursued, there is room even for this third operatic establishment among so vast a musical public as that of London.

The Royal Italian Opera is announced to open on April 3.

The little theatre in Dean-street (the New Royalty) seems permanently to have taken its stand as a minor opera-house. On Saturday a small novelty, entitled "Sylvia," was successfully produced—the music by Mr. J. E. Mallandaine, one or two of whose previous productions we have formerly noticed as possessing some pleasant melody.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Signor Piatti appeared for the first time this season; the quartett playing being materially improved by the accession of this first of violoncellists, for whom there appears to be no adequate representative. Herr Straus was the viola in place of Mr. Webb, whose sudden death we recorded last week. The programme was of great interest, including Beethoven's latest quartett, and Herr Joachim's inimitable performance of portions of one of Bach's sonatas for violin alone. The quartett of Beethoven is one among many of his works which certain critics have pronounced to be incoherent, unintelligible, even crazy, because not answering to the conditions of the stereotyped models to which, in their want of comprehension, they would compare the imaginings of an exceptional genius whose tendency was constantly towards abstraction and infinitude beyond all reference to previous rules of art. Just in the same way Turner was called a madman because he dared to paint aerial effects such as he saw them through the medium of his poetical imagination, regardless of the respectable precedent of inferior artists, or an earlier and more conventional period of representative art. Beethoven's later works require to be well studied, as individual and independent art creations which evolve their own rules and conditions; such grand creations can scarcely meet with appreciation or justice at the hands of amateur scribblers with the shallowest smattering of knowledge of the art about which they have the temerity to write. It afforded a curious commentary on past newspaper criticisms to find the slow movement of the quartett just referred to not only hailed with delight by the crowded audience of St. James's Hall, but actually encored; there is scarcely anything in music more full of deep sentiment coherently and naturally expressed. The whole quartett, with its dreamy first movement and freakish finale, is a triumph of imaginative genius. Bach's sonatas for violin solo could scarcely have been played in the time of the composer, as we know that the mechanical acquirements of the violinists of those days were totally inadequate to grapple with the enormous difficulties of these works, which indeed are beyond the reach of average players of our own time. In the performance of these admirable sonatas Herr Joachim stands quite alone—the grandeur of his tone, the perfect intonation and distinctness of his double-stopping, which make it appear as if two Joachims were playing on two violins, and his thorough comprehension of the style and spirit of the music—confer a special and unique interest on these performances. The sonata on this occasion was No. 6, in E, commencing with a prelude which Bach has also made use of (changing the key to D) for the overture to his twenty-ninth Church Cantata. The other instrumental performances consisted of Clementi's sonata in G minor for pianoforte solo (No. 2, from Op. 34), Beethoven's sonata in F for piano and violoncello, and a pianoforte trio (in E) of Haydn. The sonata of Clementi, masterly and admirable as it is, has scarcely sufficient variety of character to interest a large audience throughout a work of such length; contrasting, in this respect, strongly with Beethoven's duet sonata, every bar of which is full of the fire and invention of high genius. Mr. Hallé has seldom played better than on this occasion, adding



to his invariably neat and finished mechanism a rhythmical power and emphatic accentuation which do not always characterize his performances.

Madame Schumann is announced to arrive in London on March 17. It is to be hoped that this great artist will, in future, visit us annually instead of, as heretofore, at wide intervals; since she has now gained that public recognition which her merits ought earlier to have commanded. It may not be out of place here to draw attention to some very interesting translations from the critical writings of Robert Schumann which are appearing at intervals in the *Shilling Magazine*. Schumann was not merely a musician and composer—he was a man of general accomplishment; and, in addition to his numerous musical productions, he wrote many most valuable essays and criticisms on the works of others. His literary writings are published at Leipzig in four volumes, and it is from these that selections are appearing in the *Shilling Magazine* with the initials, “M. E. von G.” We know not who the translator may be, but he is doing good service by enabling English readers to benefit by the large-minded and acute criticisms of Schumann, and to form some estimate of the high and varied powers of a literary musician who has been the subject, in this country, of the most ignorant newspaper comments.

THE appointment of Mr. Boxall as Director of the National Gallery, has been made the subject of a question in Parliament, to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that Mr. Boxall had been appointed for five years on the usual terms, that Lord Overstone and Mr. Russell had been consulted, and had advised the Prime Minister to appoint Mr. Boxall, and that Earl Russell desired only “to take the most efficient man, but had no idea of making it a precedent that the Director of the National Gallery should be a painter.” We should say there are very good reasons why an artist should not occupy that post, especially if a member of the Academy, which has so long been an intruder upon the National Gallery, and an obstruction to its interests.

MR. LAYARD has been appointed a trustee of the National Gallery, not of the British Museum, as has been stated.

WHILE all these matters are passing, it is announced by our sometimes contemporary, the *Owl*, that the Queen will lay the first stone of “The Central Hall of Science and Art” in June next, at South Kensington. So that the affairs of the Fine Arts of the country are being managed “by hook and by crook,” though the public have not the satisfaction of knowing who is the prime mover, and whether any of the special qualifications required are being exercised.

### SCIENCE.

THE way in which the human eye alters its focus for the perception of objects at various distances has always been a difficult problem for physiologists and mathematicians. The literature of medical science is full of able dissertations upon the subject of this accommodation, as it is technically termed, yet nothing is known positively as to the exact means by which the necessary alteration is achieved. There appears to be now a tendency among ophthalmologists to believe that the effect required is produced by an alteration of the form of the crystalline lens of the eye, which becomes less or more convex as occasion demands. This view has just received a rather strong condemnation by the Rev. Professor Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin, in some remarks published in the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Science*. Speaking of the alteration of form in the lens, he says:—“Even this must take place on a far greater and more important scale than anatomists have as yet suspected. The change amounts to the addition of a double convex lens of crown glass, having a radius of a third of an inch. Anatomists have not as yet discovered a mechanism for changing the shape of the lens sufficient to produce these results. The lens should almost be turned into a sphere, and I know of no ciliary muscles capable of effecting so great a change.”

AN *Aeronautical Society* for the encouragement of balloon ascents and meteorological experiments has been formed under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Richard Grosvenor are the vice-presidents, and Mr. James Glaisher is the treasurer. The subscription for members is to be £1. 1s. annually, and it is proposed to purchase grounds and apparatus. Subscribers will be furnished with tickets of admission to the grounds on public days. It is also proposed to issue tickets for a seat in the balloon-car on certain days, and to have a balloon always inflated, and ready for ascent.

The first number of the *Indian Medical Gazette* has just reached us. It promises to be a useful addition to the periodical literature of the profession, and appears to be well conducted.

It has been suggested in the *Chemist and Druggist* that chloroform is an excellent medium for the removal of stains of paint from clothes, &c. Mr. T. B. Groves has found that portions of dry white paint which had resisted the action of ether, benzol, and bisulphide of carbon, were at once dissolved away by chloroform.

The question of the origin of mildew in cotton goods is becoming of the highest importance. The Committee of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce has sent in a report upon the subject, in which they say,—“The researches of your committee tend to the conviction that mildew plants colonize certain decaying matters, each species living and growing on its appropriate pabulum; and your committee are not without hope that ere long such knowledge will be obtained by a continued search among the mildewed pieces returned to this country, that special mildew growths will be traced

to defects of ‘size,’ and that parasites which affect cloth will be no less marked out than those which affect animal life. Your committee would observe that the dust from mildewed pieces is a spawn which may be sown among sound pieces, if damp, to the future destruction of the same; and would advise that mildewed goods should never be left about in the damp rooms, as the sporules float for hours in the air.”

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Royal Geographical Society, at 8½ p.m. “Exploration of the River Purús,” by W. Chandless, Esq. (adjourned paper).—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. “The Hydraulic Lift Graving Dock,” by Edwin Clark, M. Inst. C.E.—Wednesday:—Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. “Report by the Secretary on the Results of the Art Workmanship Competition from its Commencement.”

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced the minimum rate of discount from 8 to 7 per cent., owing chiefly to the rapid influx of gold.

The quotations for good bills is 6½ per cent., or ½ below the reduced charge at the Bank. In the Stock Exchange short loans are obtainable at 6 per cent.

The discount establishments have lowered their rate for money at call from 5½ to 5 per cent., for money at seven days’ notice from 6½ to 5½, and at fourteen days’ notice from 7 to 6. The joint-stock banks now allow 5 per cent. for money on deposit, with the exception that the London and Westminster give only 4 for sums below £500.

Subjoined are the current rates of discount in the principal cities of Europe:—

	Bank rate.	Open Market.
Paris.....	4½ per cent.	4½ per cent.
Amsterdam.....	6 ”	6 ”
Hamburg.....	— ”	4 ”
Antwerp.....	5 ”	4½, 5 ”
Berlin.....	6 ”	4½ ”
Frankfort.....	5 ”	3½ ”
Vienna.....	5 ”	5 ”
St. Petersburg.....	6 ”	4½ ”

The quotation of gold at Paris is about ½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·25 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that the gold is nearly 3·10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days’ sight is about 107½ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The biddings for bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, Rs. 24,72,000; to Madras, Rs. 32,000; and to Bombay, Rs. 10,00,000. The minimum price was, as before, 1s. 11½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11½d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 2s. will receive about 8 per cent., and on Bombay at 2s. 0½d. about 13 per cent.; above these prices in full.

In Colonial Government securities Canada Six per Cents. (January and July, 1877–84) were dealt in at 95½; Cape of Good Hope Five per Cents. (April and October), 91½; Ceylon Six per Cents. (1878), 107½; Mauritius Six per Cents. (1895, February and August), 102½ ex div.; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1888–92), 88½; New Zealand Six Cents., 101; Nova Scotia Six per Cents. (1875), 99 100; Queensland Six per Cents., 99½; South Australian Six per Cents. (1878), 105½; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 107 6½.

The foreign market has been generally quiet. Turkish stocks were, however, rather firmer, and the Loans of 1854, 1858, and 1862 were from ¼ to ½ per cent. higher, the Five per Cents. being unaltered. Greek have improved ½ per cent. on the report of the Committee of Bondholders. Mexican were unaltered. Spanish Passives again slightly declined, whilst Certificates were rather firmer. Brazilian Scrip was not quite so good. Egyptian of 1864 declined about ¼ per cent., but the new Railway Loan was maintained at ¼ 1½ prem. Italian, Portuguese, Russian, and most other stocks were firm. United States Six per Cent. Five-twenties advanced ½ per cent. and closed at 68½ 9, gold coming lower from New York.

A fair amount of business has been transacted in bank shares, and the tone of the market was rather firm. The principal feature was a rise of £2 in Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China. London Bank of Mexico and London and Brazilian also improved, but London and South Western declined. Alliance closed at 3½ to 4 prem., ex div.; Anglo-Austrian, at 3½ to 1 prem.; and Imperial Ottoman, at 3 to 3½ prem.

The London and North-Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £6,679 over last year; the Midland, an increase of £4,207; the Great Eastern, an increase of £2,248; the Great Western, an increase of £3,003; and the London and South-Western, an increase of £2,251.

Considerable attention is being directed to a bill lately filed before the Master of the Rolls, the decision of which is looked to with much interest. The parties filing the bill claim the return of the amounts paid on their shares in the Millwall Freehold Dock Company, on the ground that the prospectus concealed the fact that the directors had agreed to give £100,000, or nearly 20 per cent. of the whole capital, to the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England and the Imperial Mercantile Association to float the company. Should the principle contended for be established, it will be a heavy blow to many companies established or in embryo.

It is announced that the City Bank has received a remittance for the payment of the coupons on the city of Hamilton sterling debentures (1864), falling due on the 1st of April.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## FRANCE UNDER THE BOURBONS.\*

THE period of French history over which Mr. Yonge's narrative conducts the reader is full of interest, extending from the accession of Henry IV. to the overthrow of Charles X. in 1830. The present two volumes, however, only bring us down to the death of Louis XIV.; but the events they record may be regarded amongst the most important in the annals of modern Europe. The three Bourbons with whose actions we are here engaged were in nearly all respects so dissimilar that it is difficult to imagine them to have proceeded from the same stock; nor is it at all certain that they did; for Mary de' Medici, like Mary Stuart, was so little scrupulous in her conduct—her husband also daily setting her a bad example—that Louis XIII. may have had no real claim to be considered the son of Henry IV. Again, Louis XIV. may very fairly be looked upon as an alien to the Bourbon line. In discussing the history of the Man with the Iron Mask, Mr. Yonge adopts the theory of Lord Dover, who identifies that famous captive with Count Mathioli. But the whole tenor of French history points, in our opinion, to a different conclusion. Anne of Austria seems to have had two sons—one by her husband, the other by Mazarin—and, while they were yet infants, she yielded to the persuasions of her lover to set aside the firstborn, and cause him to be brought up in obscurity, while the son of the Cardinal, being substituted in his place, was looked upon and educated as heir to the throne. Objections may be raised against this theory; but it appears to answer all the exigencies of the case much better than the supposition that the Iron Mask was an obscure Italian, whom Louis XIV. would have dispatched without the least scruple, rather than have suffered him to be a thorn in his side throughout a whole generation. If we admit that he knew him to be his brother, the affair obviously assumes a different aspect. The closeness of the relationship, the voice of conscience, the suggestions of such religion as he possessed, withheld him from embroiling his hands in his rival's blood, but were not of strength sufficient to prevail on him to relinquish the throne. The idea of perpetual imprisonment appeared less revolting to the Cardinal's son than the crime of murder, and so the offspring of Louis XIII. was kept in existence; but, lest the likeness probably derived from their mother should be perceived and lead to political troubles, the countenance of the prisoner was concealed by a mask of black velvet, fitted to the head by a framework of iron or steel. We abstain from entering at any length into the story; but the mystery thrown about the Iron Mask, the fear lest he should discover some means of making known to the world his name and claims, the terrible strictness with which he was guarded, the luxury of his appointments, the grandeur which surrounded his solitude, the agony of terror displayed at his death, lest some secret mark or indication in floor, wall, or ceiling, should reveal the secret—these and many other circumstances may be said to demonstrate that nothing less than the safety of the dynasty was believed to be at stake. But, Bourbons or no Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. held the sceptre while France was shaking off its mediæval character, and assuming the modern type; and Mr. Yonge describes with great vigour and ability the remarkable persons who took the lead in this process. Among these, none was more distinguished than Richelieu, who played the principal part in transforming the French monarchy into a despotism. For a considerable period, his policy was believed to have been wise, and even Mr. Yonge seems to regard it as patriotic. Yet in truth Richelieu was then sowing the seeds of those events which, from 1789 down to the present day, have made France the battle-field of revolutions.

If there be any lesson taught by history, it is pre-eminently this—that governments never perish through anything but their own crimes, when they are overthrown by the people, as the French monarchy was at the close of the last century. Throughout his work, Mr. Yonge is very careful to do justice to all parties, to king and people, to government and rebels, to the persecuted and the persecutors. When, in the case of State crimes, certainty seems not to be attainable, he habitually inclines to the side of charity. Thus, in relating the assassination of Henry IV., he abstains from urging the argument of the old rhetoricians, who contend that you must search for the author of a deed by inquiring who profited most by it. It was Henry's Queen who derived most advantages from his murder: it made her regent of France; it placed all its revenues at her disposal; it secured to her, for a while at least, the distribution of honours and the choice of favourites. Too much stress is often laid by historians on the supposed fact that Ravallac named no accomplice or instigators. But how are we sure of this? Who took down his confessions? Were any permitted to approach him who had not the deepest interest in concealing the truth? Leaving this point in doubt, Mr. Yonge proceeds to describe, with great conciseness and force, the series of actions by which Mary de' Medici displayed her intense eagerness for power. We think he is a little too lenient to the widows of Henry II. and Henry IV. with reference to the way in which they brought up their sons. The historians who stood nearest to the accused believed them to have been guilty of pursuing a vicious system of education, for the purpose of stupefying the minds—a view which Mr. Yonge's generous disposition inclines him to call in question. We fear, however, that, mothers though they were, they preferred power

to affection, and cared less for the happiness of their children than for the gratification of exercising supreme authority. In the case of Mary, this inference is indeed forced upon us by the disgraceful quarrels that took place between mother and son, who lived in open antagonism, made war upon each other, and performed such actions as in humbler stations would be deemed to indicate a desire to take each other's lives. De Luynes, who governed the councils of the King before Richelieu rose into the ascendant, contrived to send the Queen-mother into captivity at Blois, which, as Mr. Yonge insists, was a blunder on his part. No doubt it was. Whenever an important personage could be made use of to further the ends of private ambition, numbers of French nobles were always ready to hazard their necks; and they did so in the present instance. Mary was surrounded by friends, in the political sense of the term, and the result of their intrigues, with the circumstances preceding and following, Mr. Yonge shall describe in his own words:—

"He [De Luynes] obtained the rank of duke and peer; the offices of lieutenant-governor of Normandy and governor of the Isle of France, and subsequently of Picardy; and, when he had reached these dignities, he also obtained the hand of Marie, daughter of the Duke de Montbazou. She was related to the noblest families in the kingdom, and it did not lessen her importance in his eyes when he found that she was not too scrupulous to desire to fascinate the king, that she was sufficiently handsome and dexterous to gain her object. The only blunder for his own interests with which he is chargeable, was perhaps to be seen in his conduct towards the Queen-mother. She had made more than one attempt to recover the confidence of her son, which he had continually baffled, till he learnt that the people in general were beginning to pity her, and that more than one plot was in agitation for her deliverance. And, though he crushed these attempts, and procured the conviction of several persons whom he accused of being privy to them (Barbin, though he was in prison, being among the number), he felt that in keeping both her and Condé in confinement, he was aiming at too much; but Condé, being grasping and ambitious, and having an inalienable right to a seat in the council if at liberty, would be more directly an opponent to himself than she could be. And he was contemplating securing her good-will, and making a merit of releasing her, when he was anticipated by the Duke d'Épernon. By the agency of a Florentine priest, that nobleman opened a communication with Marie, and undertook to have a sufficient force at hand to receive and protect her if she could escape from the castle. She, admitting no one into the secret but the Count de Brenne, her equerry, and three of her most trusted servants, whose co-operation was requisite, on a dark night at the end of February, 1619, descended by a ladder from the window of her apartment to the platform on which stood the tower in which she had been confined; but when she found she had to descend by another ladder to the foot of the ramparts, her courage failed her. Her attendants, whose lives depended on her completing her escape, wrapped her in a cloak, and let her slide down the second ladder like an inanimate bundle; and when the danger was over she revived. A carriage was in waiting, in which she at once drove to Loches, from which place the duke conducted her to Angoulême; and while there they both wrote letters to the King, justifying what they had done, and promising obedience to his will in every other particular, but at the same time making vigorous representations of the distress of the country, and urging the dismissal of the existing Ministry, or at least of the favourite. Luynes was in a great strait; he had brought his mind to be willing that the Queen should be released, provided that she could be made to feel that she owed her liberty to himself; but now the advantage that he had hoped to secure for himself had passed over to others, and, instead of obtaining an increase of favour, he saw efforts made to produce his disgrace."

The civil wars that took place during the reign of Louis XIII. would of themselves demand whole volumes, supposing them to be deserving of being related at length; but, though they partly arose from a desire in the nobles to check the growth of despotism, they were conducted with so little prudence or regard to the principles professed by the insurgents, that they only tended to promote the cause they were designed to overthrow.

The profligacy of the seventeenth century, which, however, by no means surpassed that of the sixteenth, interfered materially with the progress of the nation, inducing princes and nobles to betray the most sacred duties for the gratification of their own appetites. Wherever there is a Court, there will be favourites who, in proportion to the despotism of the prince, will turn his favour into a source of public calamity. This is made evident by almost every page of French history, but by none more strikingly than by those which relate the personal delinquencies of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The old Latin proverb thus given in Bacon's language—"In blind man's kingdom, blinkers wear crowns"—was never more strikingly illustrated than at the Court of France, where nearly all the persons who rose to favour were destitute of abilities, or deformed by great vices. Richelieu was not so much a favourite as a Minister, though, if we may credit the memoirs of the time, he often sought to unite both characters, playing the buffoon before the Queen, and seeking to win her love by the most ludicrous attempts at gallantry. In Mr. Yonge's pages he presents a more dignified aspect, since he is considered chiefly in the light of a politician and statesman. Throughout his work, indeed, as we have already intimated, Mr. Yonge rejects all temptation to disparage the reputation of those who have earned celebrity for themselves; and though, by pursuing this course, he may sometimes fail to stigmatize evil actions as they deserve, he keeps alive a generous warmth of sympathy with great abilities and great virtues. For example, when he comes to estimate the character of Louis XIV., he gives evidence of a very great advance in that

\* The History of France under the Bourbons, A.D. 1589-1830. By Charles Duke Yonge. London: Tinsley Brothers.



wise theory of history which is daily obtaining more and more influence in the world. Formerly, it was difficult to find a writer sufficiently free from prejudice to speak of sovereigns as they really deserved. In France especially, Louis obtained credit for things which came into existence without the least aid from him. De Tocqueville, in his History of Louis XV., speaks with much impartiality of his predecessor, whom it was long fashionable to call the Great Monarch. Mr. Yonge is fully sensible of the distinction between the Prince and his epoch, between the qualities of the individual, and the circumstances in which he found himself placed:—

"We have already shown on more than one occasion how little in any part of his character or conduct Louis deserves our admiration. Scarcely any king whose memory is tolerated, much less respected, by later generations, has been so destitute of good qualities of the heart. Of truth, justice, good faith, and humanity he was utterly destitute; with even the animal virtue of courage he was but scantily endowed. His abilities too were very moderate, and the few talents which he did possess, if we except a fair degree of penetration into the character and ability of others, were showy rather than solid. He had considerable tact, eminent graciousness and dignity of manner, and that sort of kingly eloquence which is displayed in neat and appropriate speeches. But he had not the art of making, or attaching friends. We have mentioned the heartlessness of the courtiers who surrounded his dying bed; and the news of his death was received with undissembled joy by the people in general, who traced the terrible distress under which they had long suffered to his inordinate extravagance, and still more wanton and boundless ambition, and who well knew that he had never shown any feeling for their misery, nor made any endeavour to relieve it. It was after the Peace of Nimeguen that the councillors of Paris saluted him as the Great. But even Voltaire, though he seeks to account for the fact by arguments curiously drawn from the precedents of others who have and those who have not received the same compliment, is forced to admit that the fitness of the title was not generally recognized. And it can hardly be denied that, if it was only earned by successful war, it was liable to be forfeited by disaster; and that the unparalleled defeats and disgraces of his late campaigns infinitely outweigh the achievements and glory of his earlier years. Not that it can be denied that Louis was a conqueror, or that during his reign he enlarged his kingdom by several acquisitions of great importance; but they were the fruit of unprovoked aggression upon unoffending neighbours, and of a systematic disregard of recognised laws, and of the immutable principles of justice and honesty; and the greatest achievements of such wars can never, if there be right and wrong in the world, in the least degree counter-balance the guilt of having engaged in them.

"He may not, indeed, be denied all praise as a ruler of a nation. In spite of the fearful distress which throughout the greater part of his reign pressed overwhelmingly on the great bulk of the people, the productive wealth and resources of the country were greatly augmented; and much of the increase is directly traceable to the different measures of his government, to the roads and canals and other facilities for internal communication which were continually being opened, to the encouragement given to commerce and the marine. And though it was the genius of different ministers, and above all, of Colbert, that originated these measures, the king himself is fairly entitled to credit for having sanctioned, approved, and supported them. It was in his reign, too, that France established her undisputed claim to that eminence in literature and science for which she has ever since been so honourably distinguished. Descartes, indeed, can hardly be claimed by him; but, as men of science, Pascal and Malebranche, Riquet and Vauban, are all his own. As dramatists, Corneille and Racine have no equals in their style of tragedy; while, in comedy, Molière is unsurpassed in any country. Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Massillon instilled into the multitudes who reverently crowded round their pulpits lessons of truth and virtue, with eloquence that, in its kind, has never been excelled. Mabillon, Montfaucon, Rollin, and Madame Dacier, maintain, even in our own day, their claim to the attention and gratitude of classical scholars. Le Sage is still almost the greatest of novelists. Boileau is still, perhaps, the greatest of modern satirists; and most of these great men were stimulated to the highest exertion of their genius by the steady encouragement of royal favour, which has never been more munificently bestowed. If we may not allow that Louis was a great king, we may certainly not deny that the reign of Louis, the longest that has ever been granted to any monarch, was a great age."

It will be seen that we have purposely avoided all reference to military operations, which used to form the staple of history, but which are now regarded as things of less moment than the growth and progress of civilization in a country. Louis XIV., though not himself a warlike person, or gifted with any great amount of courage, was yet the most encroaching and insidious of princes. Like Philip II. of Spain, while he sat in his glittering saloons he issued orders for the devastation of large provinces and the ruin of millions of individuals; he wasted the resources of France, and so thoroughly beggared its people that they emigrated by thousands into the neighbouring countries; through senseless bigotry, he persecuted the French Protestants, and drove them also out of his dominions in multitudes, to the incalculable advantage of England and Holland, since the fugitives carried with them the arts by which they had formerly enriched France. When the corpse of the King was borne to its resting place, it was amidst the groans and execrations of the people, who could scarcely be restrained from tearing his remains to pieces. Still, what Mr. Yonge observes of the period through which Louis XIV. lived is to a great extent correct. Here, as elsewhere, he is remarkably free from prejudice, national or personal, and his narrative is consequently so pleasing, so elevating and enlivening, that we know of few works which we could more conscientiously recommend. The salient characters are drawn with accuracy,

the progress of events is vigorously described, and the interest of the composition is kept up throughout by a manly and animated style. On some points, both of French and English history, we differ from Mr. Yonge; but this difference arises merely from the distinct points of view from which we regard political transactions. The reader who confides in Mr. Yonge will find in him an honest, trustworthy, and highly agreeable guide through the labyrinth of French history under the Bourbons.

#### A TRIO OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.\*

WE are not altogether strangers to this little group. Two of them at least we welcome as old friends. Mr. I. C. Wright greets us with the last instalment of his translation of the "Iliad." Mr. Worsley, after bringing his excellent version of the "Odyssey" to completion, breaks fresh ground in the first half of the greater epic. Although Mr. Wright's translation has been published under some disadvantages, appearing at long intervals, and in a shape the reverse of attractive, it seems still to be, from first to last, the most scholarly rendering which has yet been made. It is strictly literal, clear, and intelligible: no one can complain, while he holds this book in his hands, that he is left in doubt as to what Homer said. Yet it is doubtful whether it will ever be popular. There is something stiff in Mr. Wright's treatment of the verse, which has neither the melody of a real master of poetical diction, nor the easy and sparkling flow of Lord Derby's lines. While it is a more worthy translation, it is a less pleasing one to the ordinary ear. Thus does Mr. Wright describe the brilliancy of the Shield of Achilles (xix. 388):—

"As when, to sailors on the sea, appears  
Light of a blazing fire, kindled afar  
High on the mountains in some lonely spot,  
While storms are driving them against their will,  
Far from their friends, over the teeming main;  
So from Achilles' gorgeous buckler, decked  
With rare device, uprose the gleam to heaven."

We do not feel sure whether the translation does full justice to *σπαθὴν ἐν οἰκίᾳ* by "lonely spot": the meaning seems rather to be that the signal fire is kindled in some "lone homestead," which brings out even more strikingly the homelessness of the sailors on the wide sea. The following passage contains a true touch of feeling; that sad sort of irony which exists in the contrast between the preparations made for an expected guest, and the fact that he is even then lying dead away from his home. Thus it happened with Hector's wife (xxii. 500):—

"She in the chamber of her lofty palace  
Was weaving a large double purple robe,  
Inlaid with rich embroidery, and had bidden  
Her fair-tressed maidens gird with blazing fire,  
An ample tripod to prepare the bath  
For Hector when from battle he returned.  
She knew not, simple woman, that he lay  
Far from the bath, by bright-eyed Pallas quelled  
Beneath fierce Peleus' son. Sudden she heard  
The sound of grief and wailing from the tower,  
And, staggering, dropped the shuttle from her hands."

This picture has had its most exquisite modern copy in the "In Memoriam":—

"O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,  
That sittest, ranging golden hair,  
And pleased to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!"

—while the lover for whom her beauty was so tenderly decked

"Was drowned in crossing o'er the ford,  
Or killed in falling from his horse."

Mr. Worsley has already made out a good claim to be a translator, and has proved the suitability of the Spenserian stanza for Homeric purposes, in his version of the Odyssey. We do not know if, in the process of translation, it has occurred to him that that metre is not quite so appropriate to the Iliad. The intensity of action in the Iliad, its broken pauses, its rapid changes, seem to be reduced to too much order by adapting them to the stately recurrence of stanza and stanza, especially as it is almost imperative to make a pause in the sense at the end of the Alexandrine. This treatment is sometimes, perforce, a little Procrustean; there is a tendency to pull out the Greek where it is too short for the metre, and to cut it rather close where it seems too long. But Mr. Worsley gives us a very definite notion of what we are to expect from the Spenserian stanza as applied to Homer, and what we are not. We find in it a most perfect combination of "the rolling amplitude of periods with the melody of individual lines. We have not only parts, but a whole; not waves only, but a sea." And he does not claim to have made each separate stanza an

\* The Iliad of Homer, translated into Blank Verse. By Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A. Books XIX.—XXIV. London: Longmans & Co.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A. Vol. I. Books I.—XII. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus and the Bacchanals of Euripides, with Passages from the Lyric and later Poets of Greece. Translated by Henry Hart Milman, D.D. London: John Murray.



Homeric echo, but hopes that the perusal of a whole book of his translation "will leave echoing in the ear a voice accordant in its main swell to the voice of Homer;" producing "that sea-like, rolling effect which is so characteristic of him . . . . though not immediately by the succession of single lines, yet at last by the harmonious accumulation of stanzas." He makes some very pointed remarks upon the use of the English hexameter, and the metre usually called blank verse. The former, he says, has yet to be discovered, being at present "so unattainable as to be practically non-existent;"—the latter is so easy to do badly, and so inexpressibly difficult to do well, that he leaves it alone as "the *non imitabile fulmen* of the supreme divinities."

We think that Mr. Worsley has made good his claim about the general musical effect of his stanza; there is a majesty about its rhythm that reminds us of Schiller's praise of the epic hexameter:—

"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows."

Whether the harmonies that it suggests are strictly Homeric, or somewhat too complex and artificial, we must leave to refined ears to judge, merely suggesting that it reminds us a little of a fantasia upon some original melody. This is a passage from the interview between Hector and the repentant Helen:—

"He spake: but white-plumed Hector silent stood,  
And bitter musings in his own heart nursed.  
But Helen spoke to him in tenderest mood:  
'Brother of me, the abominable, accurst!  
Would that from Heaven a sweeping storm had burst,  
And wrapt (?) me away for ever to the hills,  
In that day when my mother bore me first,  
Or, where the wave roars and the hurricane shrills,  
Had in the deep waste drowned me, ere I bred these ills!'"

Here is a specimen in quite a different tone, where Diomedes meets Paris, who has shot his arrow at him:—

"Whom without fear strong Diomedes addressed:  
'Bow-glorying felon of the virgin's bower,  
If in the field we come to open test,  
Then little would thy horn and arrowy shower  
Stand to avail thee: but enjoy thy hour!  
Yet for this scratch thy glory is somewhat wild,  
Which falls upon my foot with no more power  
Than if a woman shot me, or a child.  
Blunt is the dastard's arrow, and his spear-tooth filed.'" "

There is no fear, after these specimens, that the rest of the translation will be found wanting in spirit or not sufficiently picturesque; indeed, it is an excess in the latter characteristic which is one of the chief blemishes in the book. Mr. Worsley is too much of a modern colourist, and, with a brush at times over-free, he broadly dashes in the scenes and figures, not always keeping religiously to the outline, nor quite scrupulous enough about introducing a few touches for effect, which we shall look for in vain in the original. For instance, it is a very pretty picture to represent the

"Tribes of thick bees, in the vernal hours,  
Launched in a long swarm on the luminous air;"

only the second line has no existence in the original. So, again, when the hosts are described, a few lines farther down, as taking their places noisily in the assembly, Homer's simple expression is *ὑμᾶδες δ' ἦν* ("there was a hubbub"), which is very unlike the intensely modern phrase—

"And with the noise wide air was overlaid."

Homer tells us (ii. 150) that, as the people hurried along, "the dust from beneath their feet hung or stood on high:" our translator adds—

"Stood like a dome uplifted in the air."

So, too, he describes how—

"Thus down the long ranks, planting spurs of flame,  
All in their tribes the kingly leader passed;"

where the italicised words are entirely his own, as is at least one-half of the picture which represents how—

"Swerve violently the steeds, and foam with quivering skin."

The picture is very spirited, but it is a vast amplification of *παύρπισσαν*. Nor can the most fastidious deny the beauty of Andromache's words, how that in her widowhood she must endure

"Wailings in the night and anguish drear,  
When for thine arms I feel, and thou art nowhere near."

Very touching, and very natural, but not a syllable about it in Homer! We find it hard to like such strange archaisms, or peculiarities, as "grate thy gall" and "devoured the plain," even though Catullus does say "*vorare viam*," nor do we appreciate "senatorial wine" for *γερουσιαστικὸν οἶνον*—it reminds us so irresistibly in form of "Ministerial white-bait." On the whole, however, Mr. Worsley has given us a book which we can enjoy—a book neither unscholarlike nor unpoetical, and one which we feel is no perfunctory translation, but a real tribute of reverence and admiration to the genius of the original.

A most attractive volume of translations, principally from the Greek dramatists, is given us by Dean Milman—attractive both

without and within. The bulk of the work consists of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus and the "Bacchanals" of Euripides—the master-pieces of both dramatists respectively. The translator brings as his qualifications for the work an exquisitely trained ear, a thoroughly classic spirit, and a sensitiveness to the characteristics of ancient art which is peculiarly appropriate to that most picturesque of plays, the "Bacchanals." We think there is an absence, here and there, in the translation of the "Agamemnon," of the knowledge of what modern scholarship has done for the text and the interpretation of that drama; but Dean Milman seems to wish his book to be judged rather on poetical than critical grounds. On these grounds we shall not quarrel with the beautiful version of the chorus, when describing Helen's flight from home and Menelaus's loneliness:—

"Bequeathing the wild fray to her nation  
Of clashing spears and the embattled fleet,  
Bearing to Troy her dowry—desolation—  
She glided thro' the gate with noiseless feet.  
Daring the undareable! But in their grief  
Deep groaned the prophets of that ancient race:  
'Woe to the palace! woe to its proud chief,  
The bed warm with the husband's fond embrace!'  
Silent there she stood  
Too false to honour, too fair to revile;  
For her, far off over the ocean flood,  
Yet still most lovely in her parting smile,  
A spectre queens it in that lonely spot.  
Odious in living beauty's place  
Is the cold statue's fine-wrought grace:  
Where speaking eyes are wanting, love is not."

Sudden is the contrast that hurries us from the fatal palace of Mycenæ, from Clytemnestra's malice and Cassandra's prophetic bodings, to the hills and woods round Thebes. The centre figure of the new group is Bacchus "ever fair and ever young," with his wild troop of raving women clothed in fawn-skins, wreathed with ivy, and tossing to and fro their thyrsus-wands. By-and-by, comes on the suspicious, pedantic Pentheus, sceptical about the god Bacchus's divinity, shocked at the orgies of the Theban maids; and the drama ends with a scene of grotesque horror, in which the luckless Pentheus is torn to pieces, as a spy, by the frenzied Bacchantes, his mother leading on the murderous band, and finding too late what deed she has done. Thus sing the "wanded Menads":—

"Put on thine ivy-crown,  
O Thebes, thou sacred town!  
O hallowed house of dark-haired Semele!  
Bloom, blossom everywhere,  
With flower and fruitage fair,  
And let your frenzied steps supported be  
With thyrsi, from the oak  
Or the green ash-tree broke:  
Your spotted fawn-skins line with locks  
Torn from the snowy-fleeced flocks:  
Shaking a wanton wand, let each advance,  
And all the land shall madden with the dance."

Out in the woods, the Bacchanals are royally feasted by the magic power of their deity—

"They all put on their crowns  
Of ivy, oak, or flowering eglantine.  
One took a thyrsus-wand and struck the rock,  
Leaped forth at once a dewy mist of water;  
And one her rod plunged deep in earth, and there  
The god sent up a fountain of bright wine.  
And all that longed for the white blameless draught,  
Light scraping with their finger ends the soil  
Had streams of exquisite milk: the ivy-wands  
Distilled from all their tops rich store of honey."

There is a remarkable and interesting fact connected with the text of the Bacchanals, of which Dean Milman reminds us. Gregory of Nazianzum, feeling that it was a shame that all good tunes should go to serve the devil, took short passages or disconnected lines from many Greek plays, and ingeniously combined them into a drama, which he called "The Suffering Christ." It would seem that the lamentations of Agave over Pentheus, which are not to be found in extant copies of the Bacchanals, are preserved in "The Suffering Christ," and transferred to the *Mater Dolorosa*. The Dean ingeniously restores them to the Euripidean text. They are too long to quote, but we give a specimen of them:—

"O beauteous limbs, that in my womb I bare!  
O head, that on my lap was wont to sleep!  
O lips, that from my bosom's swelling fount  
Drained the delicious and soft-oozing milk!  
O hands, that were the first to fondle me!  
O feet, that were so light to run to me!"

And thus she croons over her murdered son, before she goes into voluntary exile. Surely Dionysus was a cruel master to his votaries!

We have only space to indicate, for the guidance of readers, what further treasures will be found in the rest of this volume, not forgetting the exquisite engravings from antique statues, friezes, and gems, which here and there embellish the pages. We find, besides, specimens of the lyric and elegiac poets—of Bacchylides, Simonides, and Theognis—and not a few selections



from the "Anthologia;" nor are the pastorals of Theocritus altogether unnoticed. Then there is a touch of old Greek life in the popular ditties that were sung by soldiers and workmen, by the women at the mill, and by children at play; and we have also a spice of philosophy from the Greek Lucretius, Empedocles, and a specimen of the revival of the epic in Apollonius Rhodius, and of the ghastly resuscitation of tragedy which Lycophron attempted. Even the later poets are not left without a witness, a few flowers being culled from Oppian, the most didactic and most "well-informed" of all men; and some more from Quintus Calaber, who made a rather dismal attempt to tell over again the "tale of Troy divine." Ample justice, at least, is done to Nonnus, who, having written some decent hexameters upon the heathen gods and goddesses, became a Christian, and wrote some indifferent hymns; his last act being to compose a poetical paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John.

#### TWO ICELANDIC SAGAS.\*

ICELAND seems getting up in the literary market. Only last week we briefly noticed an English translation of the Elder, or Poetic, Edda, of Sæmund the Learned, an Icelander of the eleventh century; and in the volumes now before us we find two well-known Northern scholars treating two separate Sagas from that desolate Hyperborean island discovered and peopled in the ninth century by Norwegian sea-rovers. Mr. Dasent has already published several works illustrating the mythology and customs of the early Scandinavian tribes; and we see, by an announcement at the end of his present volume, that he promises a translation of the Younger, or Prose, Edda, so that we may hope in time to know almost as much about our remote Northern progenitors as they knew about themselves, and a great deal more than our forefathers knew two hundred, or even a hundred, years ago. It was about a hundred years ago, however, that the attention of modern scholars was first aroused on behalf of Gothic and Scandinavian learning. At that time, M. Mallet published in French his inquiries into the history, manners, and literature of the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes; and in 1770 Bishop Percy translated into English, under the title of "Northern Antiquities," some of the writings of the learned Swiss, accompanying the work by a preface which, however much it may have been superseded by later treatises, was in advance of the knowledge commonly possessed by writers in those days. The Edda, moreover, was then first introduced to the popular mind of France and England; and, in this country, Gray helped to familiarize unlearned readers with the poetry of the North by his spirited, though rather dressed-up, Odes from the Norse tongue—"The Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin." Early in the present century, Sir Walter Scott published an abstract of the "Eyrbyggja Saga," containing "the early annals of that district of Iceland lying around the promontory called Snæfells;" and, since then, Scandinavian literature has received a very considerable amount of attention, it being wisely acknowledged on all hands that to us, who have so large a share of Northern blood in our composition, the ways of life and modes of thought of the strong and energetic races of the North of Europe ought to possess a peculiar interest and value. This, we conceive, is the feeling which has induced Mr. Dasent and Sir Edmund Head to present in a modern English dress two of the Icelandic Sagas, or popular stories; and on this ground alone their productions will, we are sure, be welcomed by thoughtful readers as an addition to our knowledge of the men to whom the population of England and Scotland owes one of the chief constituents of its strength.

Simply considered as stories, opinions may differ as to the worth of these narratives. There is an uncouthness about them which is often very disagreeable, and an amount of repetition which is sufficiently trying to the patience. It cannot be denied, either, that they depict a state of society of which the features are unsympathetic and unlovely in the last degree. Mr. Carlyle and writers of his school are fond of proclaiming the virtues of the Norsemen; but we must say we see very little virtue in them as they are reflected in these tales of native origin, and we are not unseldom inclined to feel heartily ashamed of our early Scandinavian kinsfolk. Perhaps they were no worse than other half-civilized races struggling for existence under inclement skies and in barren regions; but they were certainly no better. The Bersarks, or Berserkers, who went about slaughtering people and burning their houses out of sheer wantonness, seem to have been only an exaggerated type of the whole Scandinavian race in the days of paganism. The remorseless conquerors who sacked Imperial Rome, and devastated the fairest provinces of Central and Southern Europe, were Berserkers on a large scale, and with a more intelligible motive for their ferocity, as the common run of adventurers, free-booters, and sea-rovers, were Berserkers with the excuse of hunger. But we fail to see anything heroic in the race, in the best acceptance of that term. Their courage wanted the sanctifying influence of generosity, and the softening concomitant of tenderness. Their sensuality was that of brutes—mere gorging and swilling, without a touch of sentiment to redeem it from the mire. Their

intellectual capacity was of the lowest, and their methods of life had neither the charm of pastoral simplicity, nor the elaboration and varied contrast of great cities. They present themselves to our eyes as a set of wandering ruffians, jealous of one another, having no feeling of common nationality, brutal and yet crafty, passionate, yet treacherous, fond of fighting, yet given to secret assassination. The *vendetta* seems to have been as common with them as with the Corsicans; yet it does not appear to have been accompanied or palliated by any strong sentiment of family affection or friendly regard. Even long after Christianity had to some extent ameliorated their manners, the duels of the Swedes and Norwegians were noted for sullen and deadly ferocity; and this characteristic we see largely apparent throughout the two narratives which have been given to the English public by Mr. Dasent and Sir Edmund Head.

The first achievement of Gisli the Outlaw is to murder a man against whom his father entertains some grudge. Gisli himself rather likes the man; but his father taunts him so frequently with unmanliness for not slaying him, that at length he satisfies the old gentleman by giving the offender a blow with his sword that was "more than enough" for him. This, by the bye, is a pleasant and airy way of saying that a man has been killed, of which the writers of these old Sagas seem to be very fond. There had been a previous Gisli in the family, who borrowed of his thrall a famous sword, forged by the dwarfs, called Graysteel, who afterwards refused to return it (though he had promised to do so), and slew the man on his declining to sell the weapon. This worthy, however, was himself slain at the same time by the thrall, who at the moment of dying exclaimed,—"It had been better now that I had got back my sword when I asked for it; and yet this is but the beginning of the ill-luck which it will bring on thy kith and kin." The sword subsequently comes into the possession of Gisli the Outlaw, the hero of this story; and that, or something else, certainly makes him unlucky enough. We are evidently desired to regard Gisli as a very noble fellow; but there is a great deal in his life which does not accord with modern ideas of goodness. After that filial piece of manslaughter to which we have already alluded, Gisli burns a man and his family alive in their house, in revenge for an attempt on their part to do the same thing by him, and afterwards sails for, and settles in, Iceland, for he is himself a native of Norway. In Iceland, various troubles befall him. His brother Thorkel has reason to suppose that one Vestein, the brother-in-law of Gisli, is improperly favoured by his (Thorkel's) wife; and he induces his own brother-in-law, Thorgrim, to assassinate Vestein at night, in Gisli's house, during a feast which is being given there to welcome in the winter. The description of this murder, which takes place in the midst of a storm purposely raised by a magician, is one of the best things in the book:—

"It came out too at that feast that Gisli was restless at night, two nights together. He would not say what dreams he had, though men asked him.

"Now comes the third night, and men go to their beds, and when they had slumbered awhile a whirlwind fell on the house, with such strength that it tore all the roof off on one side, and in a little while all the rest of the roof followed. Then rain fell from heaven in such a flood the like was never seen before, and the house began to drip and drip, as was likely when the roof was off. Gisli sprang out of bed, and called on his men to show their mettle, and save the haystacks from being washed away; and so he left the house, and every man with him, except a thrall whose name was Thord the Hareheart, who was nearly as tall as Gisli. Vestein wanted to go with Gisli, but Gisli would not suffer it. So when they were all gone, Auda and Vestein draw their beds from the wall, where the water dripped down on them, and turn them end on to the benches in the midst of the hall. The thrall too stayed in the house, for he had not heart enough to go out of doors in such a storm.

"And a little before dawn, some one stole softly into the hall, and stood over against Vestein's bed. He was then awake, and a spear was thrust then and there into his chest, right through his body. But when Vestein got the thrust, he sprang up, and called out: 'Stabbed! stabbed!' and with that he fell dead on the floor.

"But the man passed out at the door."

Gisli, being afterwards aware of Thorgrim's guiltiness in the matter, determines to avenge his brother-in-law's death; so he starts one night for Thorgrim's house, where also there is a feast going forward, having first armed himself with "Graysteel," which, having been broken into pieces as a sword, had been fashioned into a spear:—

"He takes the spear, 'Graysteel,' out of the chest, and is clad in a blue cape, and in his kirtle and linen breeks and shoes. So he goes to the brook which runs between the farms, whence each drew water for its cattle. He goes down to the brook by the path, and then wades along it to the other path that led up to the other farm. Gisli knew all the ins and outs of the house at Sæbol, for he had built it himself. There was a way from the water into the byre. That was where he got in. There in the byre stood thirty cows, back to back; he knots together the tails of the kine, and locks up the byre, and makes it so fast that it cannot be opened if any one came from the inside. After that he goes to the dwelling-house, and Geirmund had done his work well, for there was not a bolt to any of the doors. Now he goes in and shuts the door again, just as it had been locked the evening before. Now he takes his time, and stands and spies about if any were awake, and he is soon aware that all men are asleep. There were three lamps in the hall. Then he takes some of the sedge from the floor, and makes a wisp of it, and throws it on one of the lights, and quenches it. Again he stands awhile, and spies if any man had awoken, and cannot find that any are awake. Then he takes another

\* The Story of Gisli the Outlaw. From the Icelandic. By George Webb Dasent, D.C.L. With Illustrations by C. E. St. John Mildmay. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

Viga Glum's Saga. Translated from the Icelandic, with Notes and an Introduction, by the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Bart., K.C.B. London: Williams & Norgate.



wisp and throws it at that light which stood next, and quenches that. Then he became aware that all men cannot be asleep; for he sees now a young man's arm comes towards the third light, and pulls down the lamp, and puts out the light.

"Now he goes farther in along the house till he comes to the shut bed where Thorgrim and his [Gisli's] sister Thordisa slept. The lattice was ajar, and there they are both in bed. Then he goes thither, and puts out his hand to feel, and touches her breast; for she slept on the outside.

"Then Thordisa said: 'Why is thy hand so cold, Thorgrim?' and wakes him up.

"Wilt thou that I turn to thee?' asked Thorgrim.

"She thought he had laid his hand on her.

"Then Gisli bides awhile, and warms his hand in his shirt; but they two fell asleep again.

"Now he takes hold of Thorgrim gently, so that he woke and turned towards Thordisa, for he thought she had roused him.

"Then Gisli lifts the clothes off them with one hand, while with the other he thrusts Thorgrim through the body with 'Graysteel,' and pins him to the bed.

"Now Thordisa cries out: 'Wake up men in the hall; my husband Thorgrim is slain!'

"Gisli turns short away to the byre. He goes out where he had meant, and locks it up strongly behind him. Then he goes home by the same way, and his footsteps cannot be seen. Auda pushes back the bolts when he came home, and he gets into bed, and makes as though nothing had happened, or as though he had naught to do but sleep."

A good deal of picturesqueness and dramatic power is visible in both these passages; but we cannot say that they show the simple islanders in a very estimable point of view. Sir Edmund Head, in the preface to "Viga Glum's Saga," speaks of the fondness of all the Scandinavian races for proceeding by law, and stickling for the minutest niceties of the statutes. We do not see much of this in the Saga of Gisli the Outlaw; for not a little open violence and secret assassination might have been avoided by an appeal to one of the district Things, or law courts. In the case of Gisli, for a wonder, this is done. He is accused before the Thorsness Thing of the murder of Thorgrim, and, not presenting or justifying himself, is outlawed, and any one is entitled to kill him, while it is illegal to give him shelter. He lives in this wretched way for fourteen years and a half, hunted about from place to place, and sometimes lurking in caverns and woods; but at length he is tracked to a desert spot by fifteen men, with whom he maintains a desperate fight, killing several of them, though he is finally overcome and slain. The character of Gisli acquires a certain dignity and grandeur after his outlawry, and something of poetry is apparent in the dark cloud which we see gathering and deepening over the doomed man's head, and in "the affliction of the terrible dreams that shake him nightly." The latter part of the story is taken up with an account of Gisli's wanderings, his hair-breadth escapes from his pursuers, his ominous visions, and his violent death. The final struggle is very vividly related; but the most affecting thing in the book, from a moral point of view, is the devotion of the outlaw's wife, Auda, to her miserable husband. This redeems from mere coarseness a story which otherwise consists of little else than ruffianism and rascality.

In "Viga Glum's Saga" there is, perhaps, rather less of slaughtering, and certainly more of law. But the tale is not so interesting; indeed, we have found it insupportably dull. Both Sagas are often so complicated with petty incidents and undeveloped characters as to be very wearisome; and the confusion is increased by several persons bearing the same names. We recognise a subtle touch of nature, however, in Sir Edmund's book, in the statement that Viga Glum (which, being translated, means Murdering Glum) was always affected by a fit of uncontrollable laughter, ending in tears, whenever "the appetite for killing some one came upon him." One remarkable characteristic of these old Icelanders, according to both stories, is a habit of bursting out into snatches of verse, or even whole poems, on noteworthy occasions; but some of the stanzas supposed to be thus improvised are rather picturesque and striking. We ought not to conclude without mentioning the clever illustrations to "The Story of Gisli the Outlaw," supplied by Mr. St. John Mildmay.

#### A CANOE VOYAGE.\*

ENGLISHMEN, as a nation, are certainly the most energetic and enterprising, and perhaps the most daring and venturesome, people in the world. Among their boldest and most perilous exploits must be reckoned those long and hazardous voyages in shallow vessels, conducted only by rowers or single oarsmen, which have from time to time astonished home-stayers and furnished matter for newspaper articles. By no means the least remarkable achievement of this nature is that of Mr. Macgregor, who has returned to England from a tour on the Continent during the autumn—a tour mainly performed in a small canoe with sails and double paddle, which, though it extended over a thousand miles, he performed entirely alone. His route not unfrequently lay through thick forests, across lofty mountains, and over wide plains, while, on the rivers, lakes, and other streams on which he rowed, he often encountered numerous serious obstructions in the shape of

shoals, sand or mud-banks, ledges of rock, violent currents, eddies, clumps of thick grass or tall weeds and rushes growing up in the middle of the water, and even occasionally bushes and trees. On some of these occasions, Mr. Macgregor was obliged to get out of his boat, and, wading up to his knees in the water, drag her over the impediments that came in his way. During his wanderings abroad, he was continually compelled to convey the *Rob Roy* overland through the streets of towns and villages, or across fields and meadows, and once actually through a house. It was necessary at such times to resort to various modes of conveyance, and many of these were of rather a novel character. Sometimes Mr. Macgregor either pulled his canoe after him, by means of a rope attached to it, along the roads and footways, or carried it on his head. At other times the boat was transported in carts, waggons, large wheel-trucks, drawn either by men or horses, and the huge luggage-vans of railway-trains. The *Rob Roy*, also, was frequently obliged, together with its owner, to put up at rather strange resting-places, being generally deposited in stables, hay-lofts, barns, and various other outhouses adjoining the hotels at which Mr. Macgregor rested in the course of his travels. But, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, our author succeeded in accomplishing a journey of a thousand miles alone, and in one solitary canoe, without a single accident of any consequence to himself, or the smallest damage to his boat, the sole companion of his rambles, which he frequently personifies, and speaks of as if it were a living being.

In this one small vessel, Mr. Macgregor navigated no fewer than thirteen European rivers, six lakes, and the same number of canals. About the end of July, he started on his expedition. His boat was launched on the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and, being favoured by a brisk, fresh breeze as he reached Greenwich, he soon arrived at the village of Purfleet, near Gravesend, at the hotel of which place he resolved to pass the night. Here he attended the evening service of the *Cornwall* Reformatory School ship moored at Purfleet, and of this affecting and impressive scene he thus speaks:—

"Some of the boys came ashore for a walk, neatly clad and very well behaved. Captain Burton, who commands this interesting vessel, received me on board very kindly, and the evening service between decks was a sight to remember for ever.

"About 100 boys sat in rows along the old frigate's main-deck, with the open ports looking on the river, now reddened by a setting sun, and the cool air pleasantly fanning us. The lads chanted the Psalms to the music of a harmonium, played with excellent feeling and good taste, and the captain read a suitable portion from some selected book, and then prayer was offered; and all this was by and for poor vagrant boys, whose claim on society is great indeed if measured by the wrong it has done them in neglect if not in precept, nay, even in example.

"Next morning the canoe was lowered down a ladder from the hay-loft, where it had been kept (it had to go up into many far more strange places in subsequent days), and the *Cornwall* boys bid me a pleasant voyage—a wish most fully realized indeed."

At the town of Liege, in Holland, Mr. Macgregor by chance met the Earl of Aberdeen. His lordship was sailing in a canoe rather longer, but narrower, than the *Rob Roy*, which had been constructed expressly for his trip, and sent direct from London to Liege. The two boatmen journeyed together—each being perfectly free and independent in his own boat—for some hundred miles, and then parted company at Frankfort, important business requiring the Earl's presence in England. Whenever our traveller's canoe passed either through, or in the neighbourhood of, large towns and cities, the occupant was warmly greeted by vast crowds of curious and admiring people of both sexes, including men, women, and even very little children. This was more especially the case at the small village of Tuttlingen on the Danube. On all such occasions, the news of his adventures spread from place to place like wildfire, and when the *Rob Roy* started from the source of the Danube, the intelligence was carried throughout the country with such amazing rapidity that the event was speedily chronicled, not only in the German, French, and Swedish papers, but also in those of this country, and even by the American press.

In the course of his travels abroad, Mr. Macgregor was often compelled, from his very limited knowledge of the languages of the different countries through which he passed, to have recourse to signs and gestures, accompanied by occasional single words, as the only means of making himself understood. In Germany, he informs us, one noun or adverb, clearly and correctly pronounced, will, even if you utter all the rest of your speech in your own native tongue, be much more intelligible to the inhabitants, provided you only gesticulate enough, than if you said the whole in bad German, which might cause mistakes as to your meaning. No doubt, however, the signs and gestures, aided perhaps by the few native words, do the chief part of the business, as we do not see how the English language, uttered in a foreign country where the people are totally ignorant of it, can greatly facilitate their understanding. Of this method of conveying one's meaning to another person by signs and actions, Mr. Macgregor—who, independently of his present tour by canoe, has travelled a good deal on the continent of Europe, and likewise in Africa and America—relates the following curious instance, which happened to him when in Algeria:—

"Once I was riding among the Arabs along the Algerian coast, on my way from Carthage, and my guide, a dense Kabyle, was evidently taking me past a place I wished to visit, and which had been duly entered in his list when I engaged him.

\* A Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe. By J. Macgregor, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.



"I could not make him understand this, for my limited Arabic had been acquired under a different pronunciation in Syria; but one night, it happened that a clever chief had me in a tent, or rather a hut, just like the top of a gipsy cart. I explained to him by signs (and talking English) that I was being led past what I wished to see. Then I tried to pronounce the name of that place, but was always wrong, or he could not make it out; it was Maskutayn, or 'bewitched waters,' a wonderful volcanic valley, full of boiling streams and little volcanoes of salt.

"At length, sitting in the moonlight, I tried signs even for this difficult occasion. I put my chibouque (pipe) under the sand, and took water in my hand, and, as he looked on intently (for the Arabs love this speaking action), I put water on the fire in the pipe-bowl, and blew it up through the sand, talking English all the time. This I did again, and suddenly the black lustrous eyes of the Ishmaelite glistened brighter. He slapped his forehead. He jumped up. I could almost be sure he said 'I know it now;' and then he roused the unfortunate muleteer from his snorings to give him an energetic lecture, by means of which I was directed next day straight (but in another direction) to the very place I desired to find."

Mr. Macgregor's book is, on the whole, an amusing one, full of light and pleasant reading, and agreeably written; but there is not very much in it that calls for any special comment or criticism, it being simply a narrative of a ramble through places and countries of Europe that are now quite familiar to every travelling Englishman, and many of which, indeed, have been already written and talked about almost to exhaustion. Our author enjoyed excellent health all the time he was abroad, and was favoured, for the most part, with charming weather, though he encountered a few heavy showers of rain, and occasionally a violent thunder-storm, and met with a good many adventures of different kinds, including several trifling accidents and petty mishaps. Like most travellers, Mr. Macgregor was also repeatedly overcharged and swindled by the landlords of the various hotels he stopped at, who are always sure to take advantage of strangers. His narrative is somewhat monotonous, and perhaps abounds too much in details of trivial incidents. The volume, nevertheless, is occasionally interspersed with some agreeable anecdotes. At Schaffhausen, our author witnessed a military review of a juvenile band, numbering about two hundred little boys in full uniform, who munched apples between the words of command, and during their skirmishing-drill blew instruments made of goat's horn instead of bugles. These are also used on the railways in Germany. While travelling through France, on his return home, Mr. Macgregor met an Englishman who, from having lived twenty years abroad, had partly forgotten his native language, which he spoke exactly like a foreigner, his sentences being corrupted with many French and German words.

About the close of last year, Mr. Macgregor arrived in London, greatly delighted with his novel continental trip, which he had undertaken in a spirit of the utmost independence and perfect freedom from all cares, restraints, and annoyances. The *Rob Roy* was then again brought into the Thames and moored at Searle's wharf.

The book under notice is embellished with many woodcuts made from sketches taken by the author, which illustrate the events described, and thus to some extent add to the interest of the work, though they are not in themselves of more than average merit.

#### THE WORLD BEFORE THE DELUGE.\*

THE volume before us is a translation of a large, unimportant, carelessly-compiled French popular treatise on Geology. We are at a loss, however, to understand why such a book was introduced into this country where so many sound works already exist, except upon the supposition that the translator desired to pay a compliment to the author. With books like Jukes's, Haughton's, Lyell's, Page's, and Ansted's, we do not require a production like that of M. Figuier, which is simply a badly-prepared hash of good English books. The translator tells us in his preface that 25,000 copies of the French work have already been disposed of. This is certainly astounding. France cannot boast as large a circle of popular scientific readers as England; yet we know that the circulation of a scientific book in this country rarely exceeds 10,000, and that in most cases it does not even reach 2,000. How, then, are we to explain this statement? Is it that the French people have so little appreciation of exact scientific works that a cleverly-written and exquisitely-illustrated book is valued at a high mark, whether the matter it contains be in accordance with truth or not? We cannot say; but assuredly, if the volume which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have published has found 25,000 readers in France, it says very little for French scientific cultivation. Of one thing we are certain: it will not find as many purchasers here.

M. Figuier does not depart from the usual scheme pursued by writers on geology. He begins at what is supposed to be the commencement of the world's history, and tells the story of our globe from age to age till he arrives at the quaternary period. He supports Laplace's doctrine as to the origin of the earth, a theory which we need hardly say does not now receive much consideration; he believes that the interior of the globe is in a state of incandescence, and he denies the universality of the deluge. These three facts are quite sufficient to condemn his work in the opinion of both geological and theological writers. To give a

review of M. Figuier's work, which consists in great part of cuttings from the leading English and French text-books, would be impossible in the space at our disposal. It deals with the various rocks which compose our globe, shows how they are divided into those of igneous and those of aqueous origin, and gives a general account of the fossils which are found in them. If it has any merit, it is owing, not to the author, but to the artist. The text is profusely illustrated with page-plate lithographs and woodcuts: of these, the former, which are ideal sketches of pre-Adamite landscapes, are highly finished and truthful, and the latter, which have been taken from previous works, are both numerous and efficient. It must be remarked, however, that the ideal sketches do not differ very materially, either in design or execution, from those published some years since in Unger's beautiful volume.

We are aware that "The World before the Deluge" was not originally intended to be read by scientific men; but this is no reason why it should be behind the advance of scientific knowledge. The author assures us that the volume is intended for young folks, which is all the greater reason why it should be strictly accurate. Indeed, M. Figuier proposes his work as a substitute for the ordinary literature employed in the education of youth. This is what surprises us most, and compels us either to give the author credit for an affectation of modesty, or to reflect in amazement upon the precocious intellects of French children, which are capable of digesting 450 pages of selections from the most abstruse writers upon one of the most complex branches of science in existence. The handsome volume before us is, in every other than a mechanical aspect, a failure. Only those who have had considerable scientific training can read it with any degree of advantage, and we should be sorry to place it in the hands of the student. On the great geological questions which have agitated the world during the past five or six years, we find either no comment whatever, or an outrageous denial of conclusions which have been admitted by geologists of all countries. The treatment of the subjects of the antiquity of man and of the origin of lake-basins is especially remarkable in this respect. The age of man as an inhabitant of the globe has been variously estimated by different writers; but all who have touched upon the subject have agreed in setting it down in a very long series of figures. M. Figuier admits this, but does not approve of it; and, instead of bringing forward evidence in support of his own opinions, he contents himself with the sweeping assertion that "the figures and data are all purely imaginary." He passes over the question of the glacial origin of lake-basins as though it were of no importance whatever; and, not content with the limited range for speculation which geology presents, he travels into theological reflections, some of which are startling. Thus, he writes:—

"The Divine Power—which has thrown upon the earth life, sentiment, and thought; which has given to plants, organization; to animals, motion, sentiment, intelligence; to man, in addition to these multiplied gifts, the faculty of reason, doubled in value by the ideal—reserves to Himself, perhaps in His wisdom, the privilege of creating, alongside of man or after him, a being yet more perfect. This new being, religion and modern poesy would present in the ethereal and radiant type of the Christian angel with moral qualities, whose nature and essence would escape our perceptions—of which we could no more form a notion than one born blind could conceive of colours, or the deaf and dumb of sound. *Erunt æquales angelis Dei.* 'They will be as the Angels of God,' says Holy Scripture, speaking of men raised to life eternal."

We are not so cruel as to insist on our author's distinguishing reason from intelligence or to inquire how man's reason, "doubled in value by the ideal," differs from the "sentiment" which he allows to animals. We are content to consider the work as an unexampled specimen of indiscriminate compilation, though a very admirable geological picture-book.

#### PAMPHLETS.

THE Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A., Principal of King William's College, Isle of Man, and late Senior Mathematical and Johnson Mathematical Scholar, Oxford, has reprinted, by permission, from the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, an essay bearing the title, *Classical Studies: their True Position and Value in Education* (Longman & Co.). Mr. Jones occupies a medium position between those who assert that the classics should be the almost exclusive instrument of intellectual education, and those who contend that the languages and literary productions of ancient Greece and Rome "should have no place among the ordinary subjects of study." He seeks to moderate the rancour of both sets of disputants, and to show in what respects they are partially right and partially wrong; and the conclusion at which he arrives is, that "for the purpose of thorough mental training, and the culture of the higher intellectual faculties, the study of the classics is indispensable," but that too much time has hitherto been devoted to them, to the neglect of many important branches of study, so that "large numbers in successive generations of students have been, and are still being, turned out of our leading seminaries of learning, ignorant of what every educated man ought to know, and, in fact, not educated, in any true and sufficient sense of the term." Most thinking men of the present day will agree with this view of the case; but the more prejudiced debaters on either side of the controversy will do well to listen to the temperate exposition of Mr. Jones.

A very sad and appalling fact is mentioned by Mr. Jabez Hogg, F.L.S., M.R.C.S., &c., in his pamphlet, *Life and Death in Our Mines*,

\* The World before the Deluge. By Louis Figuier. Translated from the Fourth French Edition. London: Chapman & Hall.



reprinted from the *Intellectual Observer* of February—viz., that "the sacrifice of the very large number of 1,644 human beings, in the full enjoyment of life, is called for annually in our coal-mines, and arises, in the generality of cases, from preventable causes; and of these no less than 365, or one *per diem*, is offered up to that dread spirit of destruction, fire-damp,—for it has been positively determined by Mr. Holland that the deaths from this deleterious gas alone average one for each day in the year." We cannot go into the painfully interesting details contained in Mr. Hogg's essay; but we may mention that he refers to various scientific instruments by which the danger from fire-damp may be greatly lessened. One of these we described in noticing his paper in connection with the *Intellectual Observer* in our impression of February 10.

Mr. Matthew Bullock Jackson, C.E., publishes *A Scheme for the Supply of Water to the Towns of Sheffield, Rotherham-cum-Kimberworth, and Doncaster, with Provision for the Future Supply of Chesterfield, &c., from the River Derwent and the Gathering Grounds of the Derbyshire Peak* (Vacher & Sons), the interest of which is of course purely local. A shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company addresses to his brother shareholders a letter to which he gives the title of "*A Million*": shall we take it? (A. H. Baily & Co.), wherein he paints a glowing picture of the magnificent nature of the territory in question, which he describes as possessing infinite resources, together with navigable lakes and noble rivers, and as being the destined highway of the world's commerce; the upshot of which eulogium is that the Company ought not to sell their possessions to Canada for the miserable sum of one million sterling (in other words, sevenpence halfpenny for each acre), even though guaranteed by the Imperial Government. Mr. Rigby Wason issues a discourse on *An Usurious Rate of Discount* (Hardwicke), which, he maintains—in reply to Mr. Horsman and others who have asserted that since the repeal of the Corn Laws the working classes cannot complain of any law injurious to their interest—"often limits and sometimes prevents the working classes from obtaining that employment by which alone they can obtain bread for themselves and families." In *A Word on the Doctrine of Reform*, by an Ex-M.P. (Booth), we have an argument in favour of instilling Christian principles into the minds of the people, as the only guarantee of the safe and worthy exercise of political power. Mr. Murchison's pamphlet on *The Conservatives and Whigs, their Principles and Policy* (Saunders, Otley, & Co.), is an amusing diatribe against Whigs and Liberals, and an eulogium on the Conservatives as long-tried and consistent "advocates of Liberty and Reform," and "supporters of Free Trade"! Mr. Rimmel publishes *A Lecture on the Commercial Use of Flowers and Plants*, delivered on the 27th of July, 1865, at the Royal Horticultural Society, in which, if we mistake not, some of the matter contained in the author's charming "*Book of Perfumes*" is reproduced. The Rev. G. D. Haughton reprints from the *Fortnightly Review* of July 15th, 1865, some observations on *The Bishops and Clerical Subscription*, with additional remarks (Chapman & Hall), which seem to us a rather strange combination of Broad Church and High Church views. Mr. John Barton, M.A., curate of Rivenhall, Essex, makes *An Appeal to Scripture* (Trübner and Co.), wherein he contends that the reality, and not the duration, of future punishment, is what has been authoritatively revealed, and expresses his belief in some intermediate state, to some extent corresponding with the Purgatory of the Roman Catholics. From the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., we have received Two Lectures delivered to the students of the Theological College, Cuddesdon, on *The Difficulties and the Organisation of a Poor Metropolitan Parish* (Rivingtons); from Mr. John W. Caldicott, M.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, an *Analysis of the Poll Book in the Recent Election of Two Burgesses to serve in Parliament for the University of Oxford* (Same Publishers); from the Ven. Thomas Hincks, A.M., Archdeacon of Connor, *A Few Notes on some of the Inequalities in the Allotment of the Revenues of the Church in Ireland which Impede its Usefulness* (Mayne, Belfast); and from the Very Rev. William Atkins, D.D., Dean of Ferns, a paper on *The Consideration of certain Changes in the Distribution and Management of Church Property which would tend to Render the Irish Branch of the United Church more Efficient* (Same Publisher).

Of Sermons we have to acknowledge—*God does hear Prayer: a Sermon in answer to Recent Objections against Prayer*, by the Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A., Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields, preached in the Chapel of the Institution, Advent, 1865 (Rivingtons);—*The Ritual Law and Custom of the Church Universal*, preached at Ludlow Church on Tuesday, August 29th, 1865, before the Ludlow Branch of the English Church Union, by John Jebb, D.D. (Same Publishers);—*The Gospel Worker*, preached at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday, December 24th, 1865, at the Ordination held by the Lord Bishop of London, by Daniel Moore, M.A. (Same Publishers);—*The Claims of the Church upon the University*, preached before the University of Oxford, on Sunday, December 3rd, 1865, by the Rev. T. E. Espin, B.D. (Same Publishers);—*Christian Authority and Christian Liberty*, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday Evening, January 28th, 1866, by the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. (Same Publishers);—*The Shield of the Righteous*, preached in the Chapel of Little Heath, Aldborough Hatch, Essex, on Sunday, January 28th, 1866, before the A Company of the Second Essex Rifles, by the Rev. John M. Procter, M.A., Incumbent (Same Publishers);—and *The Cattle Plague a Warning Voice to Britain from the King of Nations*, preached in the Cathedral Church of Carlisle, on Friday, January 12th, 1866, by the Hon. and Right Rev. Samuel Waldegrave, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle (Hunt & Co.).

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Physical Geography and Geology of the County of Leicester.* Illustrated by a coloured Map and Sections. By D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. (Nichols & Sons).—Professor Ansted's essay, though complete in itself, is simply the first part of a work on Lei-

cestershire, of which the remaining divisions are to be written by several hands. The thin quarto volume before us contains a very sufficing account of the physical features of the county, and refers to many matters which may be said to have an Imperial interest. Leicestershire has extensive coal-fields, but a large proportion of these has been hitherto concealed by the red marls which have been thickly deposited on the irregular and often upturned edges of the older rocks. "Some of this," says the Professor, "has been brought into profitable working of late, and there is every reason to suppose that in future years there will be yet more extensive workings in the same direction. It is, indeed, not unlikely that the great Yorkshire and Derbyshire coal-field connects under the red marl with the Warwickshire coal-field." The demands on our coal-beds is now so enormous, and is so likely to become even greater with the increase of population and of manufactures, that it is agreeable to find the country possesses stores which are not generally taken into account. Professor Ansted estimates the obtainable supply in the fields now worked in Leicestershire at one hundred and twenty millions of tons. To this must be added the quantity of workable coal under the new red sandstone, which the author considers is at least as much as that in the other beds, and probably more; "so that the total available coal may amount to two hundred and fifty millions of tons. Of this, there have been perhaps a hundred millions of tons removed or wasted, leaving an available total of about one hundred and fifty millions." In the opinion of Professor Ansted, there are few counties in England which better deserve separate notice, in connection with physical geography and geology, than Leicestershire. "It consists chiefly of undulating ground; but out of this ground rises a system of hills, of no great absolute or relative height, but remarkably characteristic, and geologically quite exceptional. Connected with this curious chain of low elevations—mountainous in their aspect, and extremely picturesque—is a rich mineral district; and here again are the physical features exceptional. Small hills, of a rock totally different from that which prevails around, stand out strangely and prominently in various places; and derived from and connected with the country thus broken is a special system of natural drainage. Dependent on these physical features, and yet more on the nature of the rock beneath, the surface affords a singular variety of soils, some very poor, others very rich; and within the district is an unusual wealth of species of plants. The animal kingdom is also richly represented." Professor Ansted has furnished a very interesting exposition of an interesting subject.

*The Active Medicinal Principles of Cod Liver Oil determined and separated.* By C. C. J. Guffroy. (Hardwicke).—The object of M. Guffroy is to show that, according to recent experiments, the active medicinal principles which give to cod liver oil its remedial value are to be found in the watery constituents of the liver. Those active principles are gaduin, propylamine, iodides, bromides, and phosphates, all of which are more soluble in water than in oil; and, as cod liver contains a larger proportion of water than oil, the watery components of the liver, it is asserted, carry off the greater part of those substances. "It has been distinctly proved," writes M. Guffroy, "that the oil contains but a very small part of the medicinal elements existing in cod liver, and that the greater portion is left in solution in the waters which have hitherto been thrown away." Accordingly, an extract has been made, which, besides containing, as the author alleges, more virtue than the common cod liver oil, is not at all nauseous. We recommend M. Guffroy's little book to medical men.

*Chronikon Hebraikon; or, the Chronology of the Scriptures, as Contained in their Historic and Prophetic Numbers and Dates.* By John Thomas, M.D. (New York: Jenkins).—These are dangerous subjects for a reviewer to meddle with. When a man mounts such a hobby-horse as that bestriden by Dr. John Thomas, author of "*Elpis Israel*," and of "*Eureka, an Exposition of the Apocalypse*," and editor of the *Herald of the Kingdom*, it is better to let him ride his own way without attempting to stop him. We shall therefore only say that he dates his treatise "A.D. 1866—A.M. 5956," and that he alleges on his title-page that he has "set forth" the Scripture chronology "with the clearness and simplicity which belong to the truth, and extricated [it] from the unfathomable abyss of learned mystification and 'science falsely so called:'" from which it is evident that Dr. John Thomas has no bad opinion of himself and his labours, and that he thinks but poorly of his predecessors.

*Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons, for 1866.* (Dean & Son).—The new volumes of these two very useful works are just issued, and contain the latest additions to the titled orders that had been made up to the time of going to press at the commencement of the current month. Thus, we find Barons Romilly and Northbrook (the latter, a creation of the present year), and Sir James Simpson, Sir William Ferguson, and Sir Dominic Corrigan. Various additions have been made to the information touching each nobleman, baronet, &c., and the whole has been submitted to the direct revision of the distinguished persons concerned.

*Letters by an Odd Boy.* With Rhymes by Ditto. (S. O. Beeton).—This little volume appears to be a reprint from Mr. Beeton's *Boy's Magazine*. Together with much slangy vulgarity, there is some smartness and truth of observation in the Letters; but anything more unlike a boy's writing than a good deal of the matter we never read. A boy satirist is a *lusus nature*.

*Sketches by an Idle Man.* (F. Pitman).—The first of these sketches is a terribly sentimental piece of writing. It relates how the author married on three hundred a year, and gives all the details of the courtship. He was fishing somewhere in the country, made the acquaintance of the rector, got invited to his house, fell in love with his pretty daughter Grace, rescued her from a run-away horse, and finally married her on three hundred a year. One day, previous to actual courtship, he found his charmer, not cutting bread and butter, after the fashion of Goethe's heroine, but "mending her father's socks;" whereupon—"A sudden thought struck me: Will she ever sit at a cottage window, and darn my socks?" He says he "could not have wished for a more striking



picture of an English girl." This is one of those unhappy crosses between sentimentalism and feeble pleasantry which are so frequent in fifth-rate writers. The more matter-of-fact essays are much better, and may yield some amusement at odd moments of time.

*Runnymede and Lincoln Fair.* A Story of the Great Charter. By J. G. Edgar. (S. O. Beeton.)—The late Mr. Edgar had a very happy art of working up mediæval English history into picturesque tales for boys. The present volume is one of this class. With its stirring incidents, its effective writing, its attractive illustrations by Mr. Robert Dudley, its heraldic headings and tail-pieces by Mr. W. H. Rogers, and its glittering binding of blue and gold, it is a perfect treasure for youthful readers.

*A Dozen Specimens of Gustave Doré.* (S. O. Beeton.)—The dozen specimens of Doré's designs here collected, in a thin volume of portfolio size, consist of four from Dante, four from Perrault's "Fairy Tales," and four from "Captain Castagnette." They exhibit the great versatility of this singular artist, and thus give a very fair idea of the measure of his genius; but the more grotesque sketches, though clever, are disagreeable. There is an excellent illustration to "Hop o' My Thumb," however, representing the little urchin throwing white pebbles along the dark wood-walk, into the shadowy recesses of which he and his brothers are being conducted by their parents, when the latter are endeavouring to lose them. In this, we have all M. Doré's picturesqueness and power, without his painful exaggerations.

*Record of the Musical Union, 1865.* Twenty-first Season. Edited by J. Ella. (Ashdown and Parry.)—Mr. Ella's volume contains a good body of facts interesting to those who watch the progress of the Musical Union, and to musicians generally. It is dedicated to Prof. Owen, and has for frontispiece a well-executed portrait of Mozart when a boy, engraved by H. Adlard, from a painting by Pompeo Batoni, Rome, 1770, now in the possession of Mr. Ella—a bright-faced, handsome youth, with remarkably fine eyes.

#### "MARIAN ROOKE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your favourable notice of "Marian Rooke," in Saturday's impression, there is one phrase to which the absent author has a right to take exception.

You say the work is published in London "possibly for prudential motives;" meaning thereby, as I understand it, that the writer dare not publish his book in New York because the criticism on American manners is so very severe. That Americans are extremely sensitive to foreign criticism is an undisputed fact; but I have yet to learn that in their own land the press is not absolutely free, or that the writers are not independent and fearless in their comments on the men and manners of their country. Be this as it may, the true answer to your remark is, that the book was published simultaneously in London and New York.

It is possible that by "prudential motives" you meant, that by publishing here the author took care to keep legal possession of the work of his brains, and by so publishing prevented the rival publishers from robbing him of his property. If so, you are quite right, and I apprehend that, until we get a just international law of copyright, all foreign authors of any celebrity will follow Mr. Sedley's example and publish here; or, in accordance with the Lord Chancellor's recent decision in *Low v. Routledge* (1 Law Reports), go to some British settlement to publish, and thus acquire the English copyright.

I would only add that Mr. Sedley is a true lover of his country. He does not think her in a bad way. He knows her greatness and he knows her faults; but he believes she is great enough "to endure to be told of her imperfections;" and the man who does not so write, and publishes nothing but fulsome praise of the Stars and Stripes, is no true friend of his country.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES MOSSOP.  
1, Ironmonger-lane, E.C., Feb. 20, 1866.

#### THE "WORKING MAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your last number I read this: "The *Working Man*. May we ask whose title is this?"

When I started the *Workman*, in 1861, I was not aware of such a title having been registered by a gentleman who had intended issuing a publication under that title. As soon as I was informed of it, I apologized, and altered the name of my paper to that of the *Working Man*, and registered it, as you have stated, in July, 1861.

I was unfortunately compelled, through private misfortunes, to suspend that publication in 1863; but, for some months past, I had been taking means in order to re-issue it, and published the first number of the new series on the 3rd of January last.

Since then, another publication has appeared under the same name. It has been also registered at Stationers' Hall.

Now, was my registration still good or not? Such is the question which it is important to solve—not so much for myself, for I seek no private benefit from it; I only ask that if I am entitled to this name for my paper, some alteration should be made in that of the other.

The whole question of copyright and of literary property seems to me to be little understood by the public, either on moral or on legal grounds, and you will certainly render a great service if you can, as I have no doubt you can, help to make it clearer.

I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,  
JOSEPH COLLET,  
Proprietor and Editor of the *Working Man*.  
282, Strand, W.C., Feb. 20, 1866.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

ANOTHER hitch has occurred in the progress of the second volume of the "Life of Cæsar," further cancels and alterations having been decided upon by the French Emperor. It will contain the War with the Gauls. Report further says that the Emperor is also examining Napoleon's Memoirs, to select those portions which are to be published in the edition which is to appear on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867.

Some time ago, it was stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had discontinued a translation of Homer, which he had been engaged upon for years, on account of the publication of Lord Derby's translation. Mr. Gladstone, it was said, declined publishing in rivalry to his political opponent, or rather of appearing to rival him. Whatever determination was then made, we believe the resolve of not continuing a translation has now been cast aside, and in due time another Homer in English will appear bearing on its title-page the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the translator.

A little anecdote of Victor Hugo and his son is now appearing in certain Continental journals. The son, M. Charles Hugo, one day heard Mdlle. Le Hoene spoken of in the most flattering manner, and he begged to be introduced to her. Not at all displeased with the young lady, he a short time after asked her hand; but her grandmother (the young lady was an orphan) refused, on account of her poverty. To this the lover replied, "My father will think that a matter of no importance when he knows my wishes." He told M. Victor Hugo his desire to marry Mdlle. Le Hoene. The father replied, "Very well, but don't mention the subject to me again until I get my book out." The proof-sheets of his "Songs of the Streets and the Woods" were then engaging his full attention, and when he is preparing a work for the press, or seeing it through the printer's hands, he will hear of nothing else. After the appearance of the volume, he arranged the marriage, gave his son a sum of money equal to £5,000, married them, and promised that they should live with him as soon as he completed the mansion he is now building.

The pocket library of whist literature has just received another charming addition in the shape of "The Pocket Guide to Whist, by Cavendish. Enlarged edition, price sixpence." As with the other exquisite little books in this series, published by Messrs. De la Rue, the border to "The Pocket Guide" is by Owen Jones, and the various cards mentioned throughout are tiny pictures, in red and black, of real cards. At the end are "Historical Notes on Whist," after the fashion of the old chronological tables which we may all remember at the close of "Johnson's Pocket Dictionary." How strange notices like these read!—"Hoyle born 1672; used to give lessons in whist at a guinea a lesson. Sir M. I. Brunel invented a machine for shuffling at whist, 1799."

Another new tragedy by Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is announced, called "Raleigh: his Life and his Death." The former drama, announced for representation by Mr. Walter Montgomery, we have since heard nothing of. This last is published by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street.

We have to record the decease of Mr. John Gray Bell, the intelligent Manchester bookseller. Mr. Bell was learned in old books, autographs, and manuscripts, and, as he came from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was regarded as a sort of authority upon all matters concerning Thomas and John Bewick, the eminent wood-engravers and book-illustrators. In 1851, Mr. Bell published "A Descriptive and Critical Catalogue of Works illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, with Life." Mr. Bell took a great interest in the welfare of the schools and churches of Manchester, and was a frequent benefactor to them. His father, Mr. Bell, land surveyor of Gateshead, collected, many years since, one of the finest libraries of Northumbrian topography, family history, and antiquities, ever formed in the North of England.

Messrs. Cassell have determined upon sending their publications to all parts of the United States, their Doré publications especially. They have for that purpose entered into an arrangement with Mr. Walter Low, son of Mr. Sampson Low, of Ludgate-hill, to represent their house in America, and that gentleman has just started for New York, taking with him, we believe, the agencies of other London publishing houses who have determined upon having a representative on the further side of the Atlantic.

At last, Professor Gamgee's work on the Cattle Plague is ready. It forms a very stout 8vo. volume of nearly 1,000 pages of large type. The frontispiece, intended as a representation of an animal suffering from the disease, is, we are sure, a mistake. Although executed in "chromo-lithography," it fails to represent anything like an animal, living or dead.

The *Morning Star* has secured the services of Mr. James Greenwood, the brother of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the veritable "Lambeth Amateur Casual," who wrote such a spirited account of his workhouse experiences for the latter journal; and this gentleman has just commenced a series of "descriptive sketches, from the personal observations and experiences of the writer, of remarkable scenes, people, and places in London." Mr. Greenwood's last work was that droll volume "The Hatchet-throwers," with grotesque illustrations by the new artist, Ernest Griset, noticed by us in a recent number. "The History of a Little Ragamuffin" is another recent work by the same author.

The next number of *Temple Bar*—which will appear from Burlington-street instead of Fleet-street, as heretofore—will contain the experiences of a regular "casual" who happened to be in the Lambeth shed on the night Mr. Greenwood slept, or rather lay waking, there. Mr. Parkinson has found this clever vagabond, and he will supply to the article such notes and editing as it may require.

The *Antologia*, a Monthly Magazine published some years ago in Florence, has just been revived. Amongst the numerous articles given in No. I. of the new series, is one in praise of the character of the late Massimo d'Azeglio.



The decease of Quérard, the eminent French bibliographer, does not seem to have been mentioned in English literary journals. He died last December whilst engaged correcting the final sheets of the introduction to the new edition of his "Literary Frauds." The peculiar literary labour to which he had devoted his life was not very remunerative; so M. Quérard died poor. For many years he had been hoping for the cross of the Legion of Honour, and only received this mark of distinction in August. It is said that he began life as a clerk in a bookshop in Germany. In that humble station he began collecting materials for his great works, and in the course of time he produced them, after voluntarily leading a life of privation in order to give the necessary time to them. The sale of his works was, as may be imagined, slow, most students preferring to examine such books in the national libraries to purchasing them at the high prices generally asked for volumes of this class. Many years ago, Guizot gave him a pension of 1,000 francs per annum, and mainly upon this he lived until his death, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. At the funeral, M. Paul Lacroix delivered a touching discourse. "Let us not," he said, "separate without giving a last farewell to our friend, to our rival, to our model, to our admirable bibliographer, Joseph Marie Quérard. He was born a bibliographer, he lived and died a bibliographer, without having ever had any other passion, any other aim, any other destiny, in his erudite and laborious existence, than to contribute for his share the most and the best possible to the progress of French bibliography. To speak of his numerous works, to appreciate, to praise them, is to tell the story of his life."

We understand that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, are at present in England making further arrangements with English authors for the honourable reprinting of their works, and purchasing largely of those materials employed in book-making which are either better or cheaper in this country than in their own.

The Owl reappeared last Wednesday, but it does not seem so full of news as formerly. The decease of the late Premier, and the closing of Cambridge House, may have something to do with this.

A grand-daughter of Rouget de Lisle, the famous composer of "La Marseillaise," is about to marry M. Eugène Phillippon. It is said that the bride will retain the name of her grandfather.

It is again stated that the author of "La Religieuse," "Le Maudit," and other works of this class, has recently died.

An influential weekly newspaper in New York says:—"In the next number of the *Weekly*, we shall begin the publication of a very remarkable original novel, called 'Inside.' It is a picture of the interior life of the South during the Rebellion, drawn by one who was born in that part of the country, and who has always lived there, with the exception of temporary visits elsewhere, and who was 'inside' of the Rebellion from beginning to end. The author has been always an unswerving Union man, and his story, begun with the Rebellion and written as it progressed, was of a character which imperilled his life had it been discovered, so that his wife carried it to church on Sundays concealed about her person; while, when sorely pressed, the author buried the MS. in the ground, to escape detection."

Sir Samuel Morton Peto has recorded his experiences and observations during the late progress of himself and his brother capitalists in Canada and the United States, in a work entitled "The Prospects and Resources of America, ascertained during a visit to the States in the Autumn of 1865."

Mr. MURRAY's list of new works in the press includes "Meditations on the Actual State of the Christian Religion," by Mons. Guizot; "Mémorial of the Life of the late Sir Charles Barry;" "The Architecture of Ahmedabad, capital of Guzerat, in the Bombay Presidency," photographed by Lieut.-Col. Biggs, with "An Historical and Descriptive Sketch," by Theodore C. Hope, and an "Architectural Introduction," by James Fergusson, with 116 plates, 4to.; "Architecture in Dharwar and Mysore," photographed by the late Dr. Pigou and Lieut.-Col. Biggs, also with an introduction by James Fergusson, plates, folio; "The Brick and Terra-Cotta Buildings of North Italy, 12th-15th Centuries, as Examples for Imitation in Other Countries," from drawings and restorations by Frederico Lose, engraved and printed in colours, with sections, mouldings, working drawings, and descriptive text, by Lewis Gruner, illustrations, folio; "Modern Gunnery, Naval and Military," based on the work of Sir Howard Douglas, with a "Treatise on Small Arms," by Lieut. Hozier, woodcuts; "A Classical and Biblical Atlas," under the superintendence of Dr. William Smith; "The Student's Manual of Moral Philosophy," by William Fleming, D.D.; "Benedicite;" &c.

Messrs. RIVINGTON & Co. have in the press:—"The Acts of the Deacons, a Commentary upon the Notices of St. Stephen and St. Philip the Evangelist, contained in the Acts of the Apostles," by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., 1 vol.; "Letters from Florence on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy," by William Talmadge (reprinted with large additions from the *Guardian* newspaper); and the "Ecclesiastical Year-Book for 1865." The latter volume is the first of an annual series, in which it is proposed to give a condensed record of the history and work of the Church of England during the preceding year.

Mr. STANFORD, of Charing-cross has just published, lithographed in colours, on a sheet about 48 inches by 20, a "Meteorological Diagram for the Year 1865," showing at one view the daily variations of the barometer, thermometer, and wind, also the depths of rain daily, the weekly number of deaths in London, the weekly fluctuation in the Imperial price of wheat, the changes of the moon, &c., by C. O. F. Cator, M.A.; also, a blank form of the same size, arranged so as to enable observers in other parts of the country to set down their own observations.

Mr. STRAHAN has in preparation:—"Lives of Indian Officers," forming a Biographical History of the Civil and Military Services of India, by John W. Kaye, author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," &c., in 2 vols., demy 8vo.; "The Reign of Law," Essays by the Duke of Argyll, post 8vo.; "Family Prayers for the Christian Year," by Henry Alford, DD., Dean of Canterbury, small 8vo.; "Familiar Lectures on

Scientific Subjects," by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., small crown 8vo.; "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, D.D., one of her Majesty's Chaplains, post 8vo.; "Doctor Austen's Guests," by William Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," "De Profundis," &c.; "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby, demy 8vo., with illustrations; "London Poems," by Robert Buchanan, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," 2 vols.; "Hymns and Hymn-writers of Germany," by W. Fleming Stevenson, 2 vols.; "Master and Scholar," Poems original and translated, by E. H. Plumptre, M.A. King's College; "Cosas de Espana, or Spain and the Spaniards," by the Author of "Flemish Interiors," 2 vols., illustrated; and "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, popular edition in 1 vol.

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will shortly publish a Catalogue of all the Books published in Great Britain during the Year 1865, with the Size, Price, Publisher, and Month of Publication, 8vo.; "A Biography of Admiral Sir B. P. V. Broke, Bart., K.C.B.," by the Rev. John G. Brighton, Rector of Kentstown, dedicated by express permission to his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, with numerous illustrations, 8vo., cloth; "Letters on England," by Louis Blanc, 2 vols. post 8vo.; "Turkey," by J. Lewis Farley, F.S.S., Author of "Two Years in Syria," with a portrait of his Highness Foad Pasha, 8vo.; and "A History of Banks for Savings, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of Recent Government Financial Measures for Savings, Annuities, &c.," by the Author of "Her Majesty's Mails," with a photograph of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 8vo.

NUMBER OF SERMONS DELIVERED IN GREAT BRITAIN EVERY SUNDAY.—Taking the clergy list of the Church of England for 1864, I find 260 pages—on an average there are seventy churches or chapels on each page. This gives 18,200 places of worship for the Establishment. The Dissenting places of worship, of all denominations, it is said, are equal in number with those of the Church; but say they are 2,000 less. This would give us 16,200 places of worship more. Then from the Edinburgh Almanack we find the Established Church of Scotland, with its sixteen Synods and eighty-four Presbyteries, to contain 1,235 places of worship. The Free Church, with sixteen Synods and seventy-one Presbyteries, about 985. Dissenters of all persuasions from the Scottish Established Church (United Presbyterian Associate Synod, Independents, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians), may be taken, I am informed, at 900, making a total of 37,520 churches in Great Britain. Now, in some of these one sermon only is preached. In a good many three are preached, and in most two. So that giving two weekly sermons to each would be a fair, and perhaps a low average. This makes 75,040 sermons delivered every Sabbath day in the churches of Great Britain alone, or the enormous number of 3,902,080—i. e., nearly four millions of sermons during the year.—Dean Ramsay.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Abbott (J.), Life of Alfred the Great. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Alexander the Great. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Pyrrhus. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 William the Conqueror. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Aeschylus' Prometheus Vincit, literally translated by A. Webster. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Bernard (T. D.), Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. 2nd edit. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 Blackader's Chronological Bible. New edit. Cr. 8vo., £1. 10s.  
 Bosanquet (S. R.), Excelior. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Carleton Grange, by Author of "Abbot's Cleve." 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Church Doctrine proved by the Bible. Fcap., 1s.  
 Cumming (Rev. J.), Old Testament Saints. 16mo., 2s.  
 Curse (The) of the Claverings, by Mrs. T. Graham. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Denominational Reason Why. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Devereux (M.), Geography in Rhyme. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Dickens (C.), Old Curiosity Shop. Cheap edit. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 2s.  
 Doudney (Rev. G. D.), Recollections and Remains of. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Eastwood (J.) and Wright (W. A.), Bible Word Book. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Gamgee (J.), The Cattle Plague. 8vo., 21s.  
 Gibbs (W. A.), The Story of a Life. Fcap., 7s. 6d.  
 Golden Leaves from American Poets. Fcap., 5s.  
 Grant (H.), Memorabilia Ecclesiae. Vol. I. 8vo., 9s.  
 Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. 12th edit. 8vo., 18s.  
 Headland (E.) and Swete (J.) on the Epistle to the Galatians. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Hollingshead's (J.) Works. 6 vols. Fcap., 21s.  
 Horace, Odes and Carmen Saeculare, translated by J. Conington. 3rd edit. Fcap., 5s. 6d.  
 How (W. W.), Twenty-four Practical Sermons. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Jackson (G.), New Check Journal. 13th edit. 8vo., 12s.  
 Land at Last, by E. Yates. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Landels (Rev. W.), True Manhood. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Landells (E.), Boy's Own Toymaker. 7th edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Laura and Lucy, by Charlotte Adams. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Little Captain (The). 32mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Macgregor (Rev. J.), The Sabbath Question. Fcap., 5s.  
 Marryat (E.), Long Evenings. 3rd edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord, by the Abbot of Cassino. 18mo., 2s.  
 Miss Matty, and other Tales. Fcap., 3s.  
 Moens (W. J.), English Travellers and Italian Brigands. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Newton's (Rev. J.), Cardiphonia. New edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 Physician's Daughters (The). New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Roberts (A.), Miscellaneous Sermons. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Rossiter (W.), First Book of Botany. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Rye (E. C.), British Beetles. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Select Library of Fiction.—A Woman's Reason, by F. W. Robinson. Fcap., 2s.  
 Sixpenny Magazine. Vol. II. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Stuart (Lady Arabella), Life and Letters of. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 1s.  
 Tate (W.), Counting-house Guide. 8th edit. 12mo., 7s. 6d.  
 Thorne (E. H.), Psalter and Canticles printed for Chanting. 12mo., 1s.  
 Traits of American Humour, by Sam Slick. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.



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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**JUNIOR ATHENÆUM.**—NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN that the ADJOURNED GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS of this Club will be held in the Library on TUESDAY, the 27th instant, at Four p.m., to take into consideration the propriety of enlarging the present temporary Club-house, for the purpose of obtaining extra accommodation for the Members, and to receive from the Committee a report on the condition and progress of the Club during the past year.

By order of the Committee,  
GEORGE R. WRIGHT, F.S.A., Secretary.

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**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION** at SOUTH KENSINGTON will be OPENED to the PUBLIC in APRIL, 1866. Admission on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, One Shilling each person; on Tuesdays, 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, available also for the private view, One Guinea each, will be ready for delivery on 19th February, at the South Kensington Museum, and at the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi.

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**CLOSE OF THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.**—NOTICE is hereby given, That the Subscription List for the United Kingdom to the LAW REPORTS for the present year will be closed on Saturday, 17th day of March next, after which day the Reports for 1866 can only be had at the publication price.

The Subscription List for the Colonies will not be closed at present.

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FITZROY KELLY, Chairman.

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